Saturday Review

OCTOBER 13, 1962 / 25¢

DOES ANYONE REMEMBER THE THIRTIES?

By Alfred Kazin

JOURNALISM ON THE LAKE: CHICAGO'S MUTED TRUMPETS

By Murray Gart

Features by Granville Hicks, John Ciardi, Martin Levin, Hollis Alpert, and Henry Hewes

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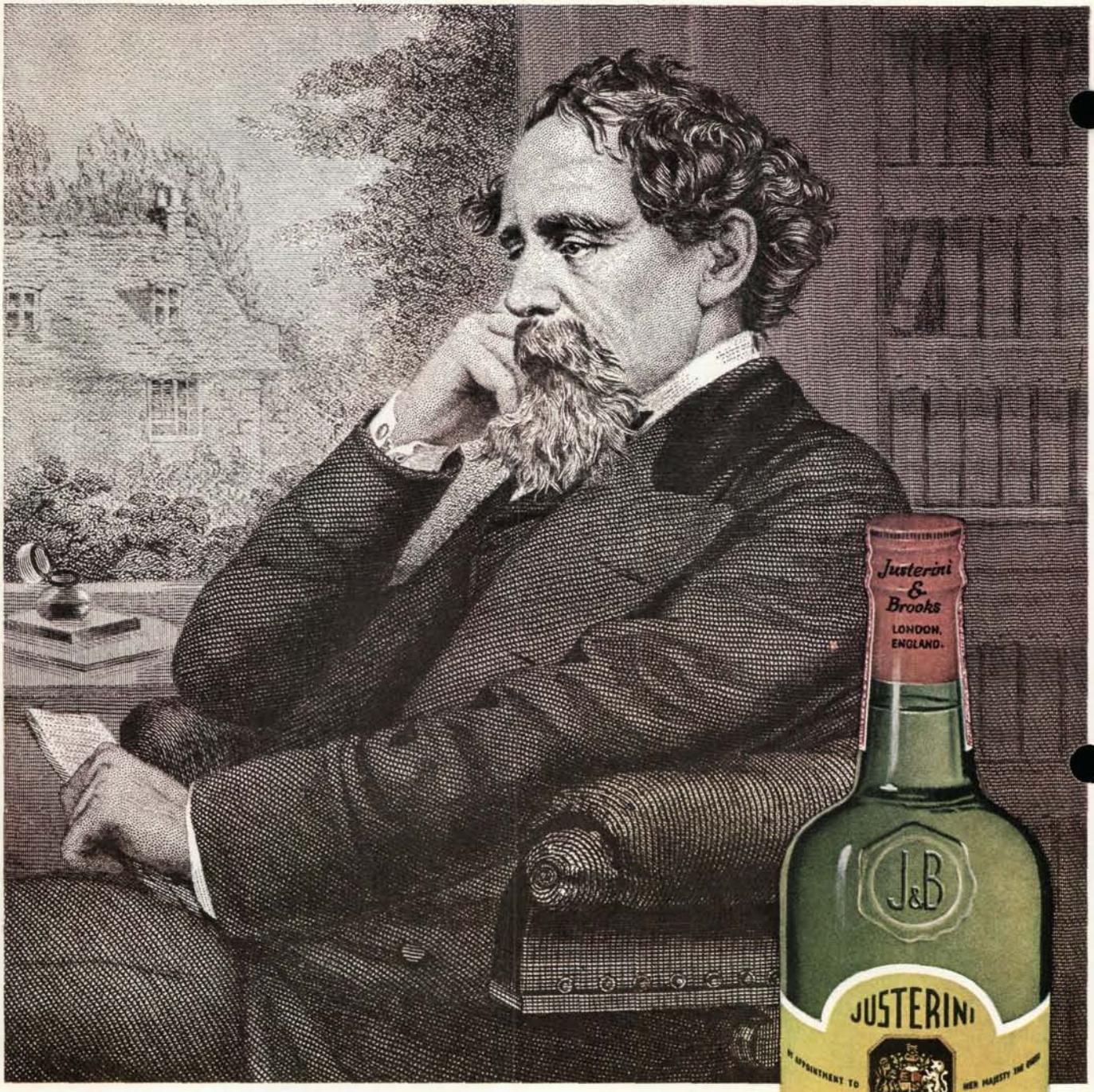

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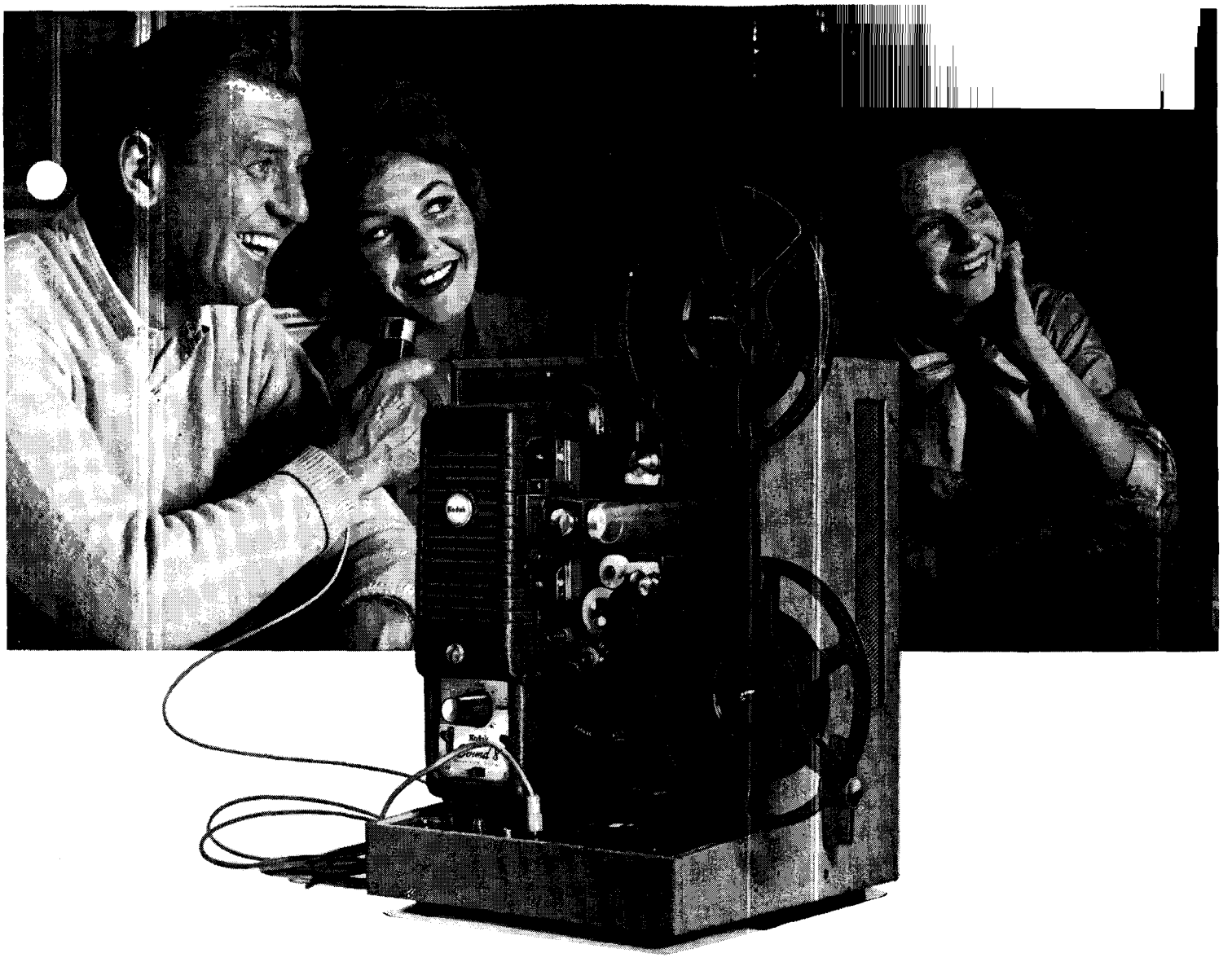

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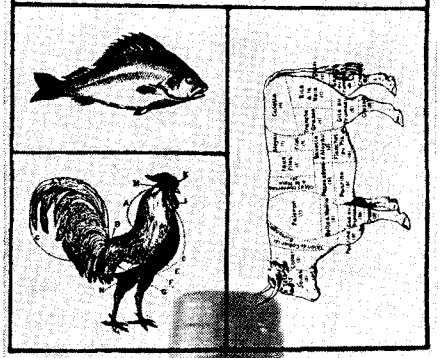

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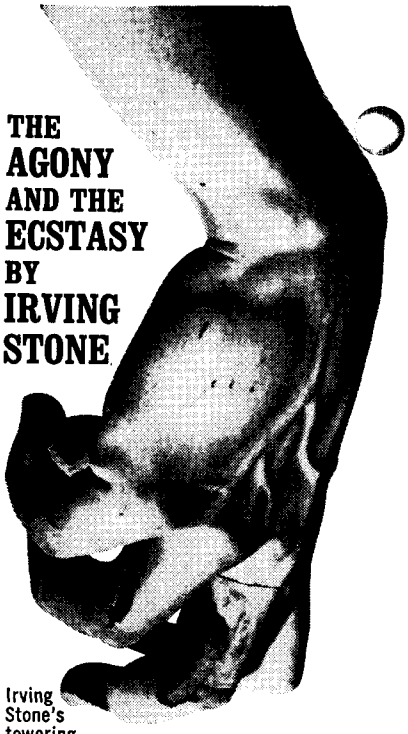

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On May 17, 1792, a group of merchants and traders decided to meet daily at regular hours to buy and sell securities under an old buttonwood tree on Wall Street, only a few blocks from the present site of the New York Stock Exchange.

These 24 men were the original Members of the Exchange.

They regulated themselves, and naturally their regulations were few and simple. In 1817, the first formal constitution was adopted. As the country grew, and the number of Exchange Members increased, a more rigid set of regulations began to evolve.

Today, 170 years after the beginning, the 1,366 Members are subject to one of the most stringent codes of self-regulation on the American business scene, plus the laws and rules administered by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

To begin with, a man who wants to become a Member has his background carefully scrutinized by the Exchange before he's accepted.

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A Member's firm must also report weekly on its position as an underwriter of securities, and disclose certain borrowings or loans by the firm or individual partners.

The Exchange's regulations extend to Member Firm brokers too. There are 31,000 in some 3,300 offices. They have had to satisfy Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business and must be well grounded in the business by either experience or training. They must be familiar with—and are expected to observe—the rules laid down by the Exchange for themselves and their Member Firms.

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I'll Laugh Tomorrow

Edited by Martin Levin

HOW I GOT OFF THE AIR

I AM not a witty talker, but once or twice in a lifetime some kindly demon inside me suggests the right answer while I am still there to make it, instead of waiting until I am home in bed wishing I had thought of it. This happened one night in 1938 after I had addressed a large audience on the Soviet religion of Marxism. I had made certain disparaging remarks about determinism as against free will, and some Marxian highbrow in the audience got up and said portentously: "I would like to ask the speaker whether he thinks that a river when it is flowing in its bed is acting through its own free will, or is determined by pre-existing causes?"

After a breathless pause, I answered: "Comrade, what a river wants in its bed is so different from what I want in mine that I can't very well answer your question."

I think it was the rumor of this stroke of mental good luck that led Earl McGill to invite me to monitor a new program on CBS to be called "The Word Game." My job would consist of questioning four competitors first on the spelling of certain words, then on the definition of them, and then—after a pause in which the preliminary scores would be added up and I would fill in with a small speech—on the definition of slang words. It was fun and it lasted five months, running neck-and-neck, for a little while at least, with "Information Please" on NBC. But it was a terrific strain on me, for my real job of course was to kid those competitors, and kid their definitions, and in general keep things gay and jocular for the infinite stretch of a half-hour.

The way we accomplished it was this: an audience of 200 or 300 people would fill the studio, and before we went on the air I would get them laughing with some sure-fire jokes that I had learned by heart. This convinced them that I was going to be funny, and it had a similarly inebriating effect on me. Our program went on at nine in the evening, and it would be three the next morning before my heart would stop thumping drunkenly against my ribs.

One day the big boss, who had a gruff throat and a ferocious manner that kept everybody scared to death, called me into his office and said in a roaring voice: "Eastman, you have the highest class of fan mail that ever came into this building."

I said: "That means I'm on the skids, doesn't it?"

He said: "Yes, it does."

I had that much warning, but I forgot all about it when the hurricane came. It came on the night of my program. My wife Eliena Krylenko and I had driven down from our cottage near Menemsha on Martha's Vineyard, and we approached New York and the CBS studio through torrents of water, thunder, and hellfire in the heavens, and a wind that almost blew us off the road. When we got there, the studio, of course, was empty—not a soul there to laugh at my jokes and convince me that I was a bright boy. But the show had to go on just the same, so Earl placed Eliena directly in front of the microphone and told her to laugh a mouthful whether anything I said was funny or not. (She was good at that.) And he sat down beside her to help.

"Now do your best, Max," he said. "Never mind the vacant seats! Never mind this local hurricane—we're on a nation-wide hook-up."

I didn't mind. I was prepared to be witty or bust. But just as the clock reached nine, the announcer said: "We will take a moment out for two important news despatches."

The despatches were that Hitler had marched into the Sudetenland, and that the village of Menemsha on Martha's Vineyard Island had been swept into the sea.

And he had a second piece of news which he proclaimed in the same voice of doom: "This will be the *last* appearance of Max Eastman in the Word Game!"

Now all I had to do was to be gay and witty. —MAX EASTMAN.

• • •

DR. IGGLE SEZ—

MRS. J. R. D. of Saugerties, N. Y., writes me as follows: "My son, age eight, is thought by all his teachers to have what is called 'perfect pitch.' Instead of doing his school work he sits there listening, and when he hears a sound—any sound—he yells out what note it is. The teachers tell me I should

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praise him for this, and give him music lessons, but I'm afraid to for fear his sister, six, will develop an inferiority. She already acts guilty, and cries all the time because she can't tell one note from another. What should I do, Dr. Iggle?"

Dear Mrs. J. R. D.: Gifted children do present a problem, don't they? First, I suggest you make sure that he really does have perfect pitch, and is not just trying to put something over on you. Boys his age will do anything to attract attention. It is not uncommon for them to carry concealed pitch pipes. Have you looked in his pockets? If you find he really has this gift and isn't faking, then I suppose you ought to encourage him and provide musical training. As for his sister, take her aside and explain that bruvver is 'different' and that she must not think that 'different' means 'superior.' On the other hand you must convince the boy that he actually is superior. Both your children are bound to suffer here. You may as well make up your mind to that. You must also decide which child you like better, and concentrate on that one. Frankly, both sound like quite a mess, and you may wish to consider putting them out for adoption. The fact that you have written such a letter makes me doubt whether you have what it takes to be a good wife and mother. This is why your husband has taken refuge in alcohol. The strange slope of your handwriting, your failure to cross your "t's" and your poorly constructed upward strokes in your capitals all indicate slovenliness. I'll bet your hair is stringy. From now until mid-February, when Jupiter will be in a new aspect, you should avoid signing any contracts. Put first things first. As for the itching you describe, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

(Editor's Note: The above column by Dr. Iggle will be the last to appear in this space. Beginning tomorrow we will publish instead a new feature, "Windowsill Herb Gardening," by Miss Leah Z. Bardingwell, noted herbalist and world authority on marjoram, rosemary, and pennyroyal.)

—Hayes B. Jacobs.

• • •

REFLECTION ON SEEING THE TWIST

I think that I shall
Never.

—Lilyn E. Carlton.

How To Realize Tax Savings On Investment Losses...

Suppose you invested $1,000 in a particular security.

Since you bought it, the price has dropped, and if you sold it today, you'd only get $800.

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Note: With the President's promise of a cut in Federal income taxes–perhaps next year –today's higher tax rates might make such selling more attractive this year than next.

This doesn't mean that you should sell everything on which you have a loss for the sake of tax savings. Not by a long shot. Many times the outlook for a security will suggest that it be held. Many times the over-all profit and loss picture of your portfolio makes such tax savings impractical.

Still, we do feel that if you are an investor, you should be aware of the possibility of using tax savings to cut your losses. Yes, and the possibility of reinvesting the proceeds of the sale in some other stock that shows greater promise of gain in the months ahead.

Such possibilities don't grow on trees, of course.

And before you start looking for them, we suggest that you review your entire profit and loss picture with a qualified tax consultant.

If *he* favors selling particular securities for tax-loss purposes, we will be glad to suggest sensible substitutions aimed at price appreciation that fit your basic investment objectives.

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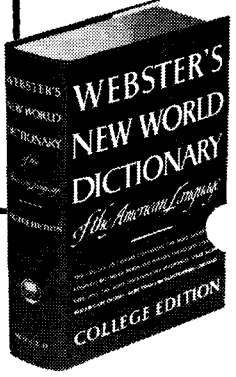

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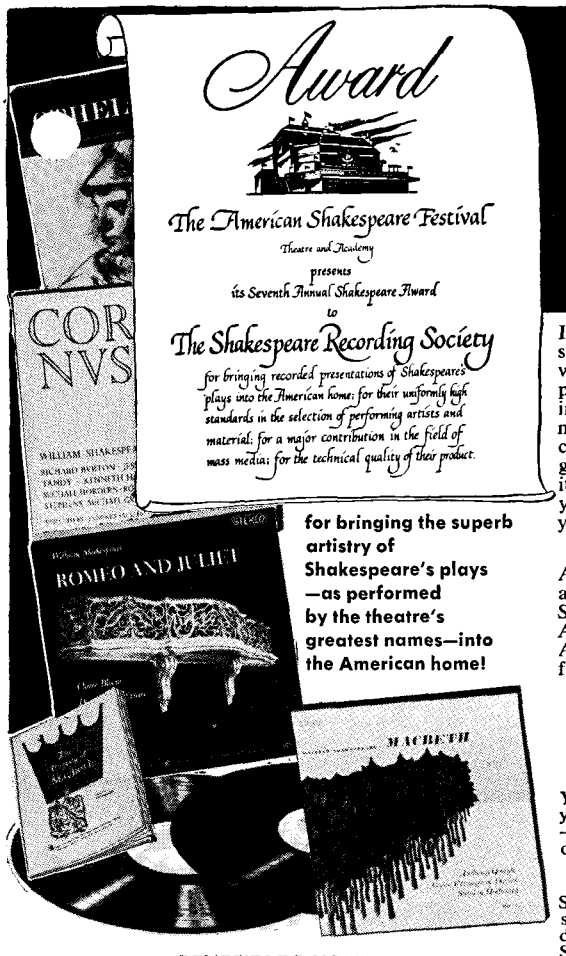
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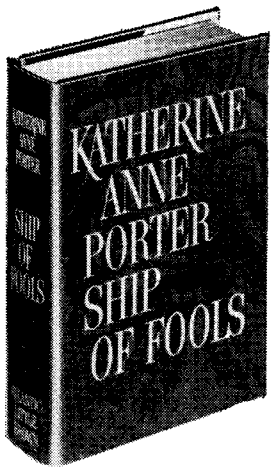

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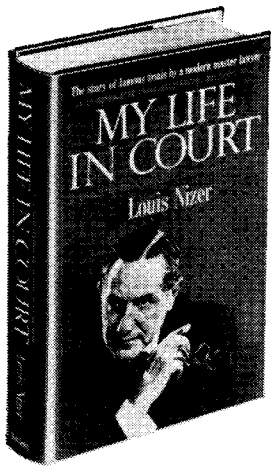

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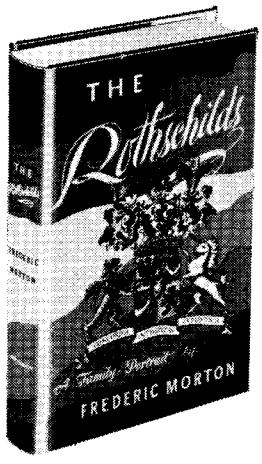

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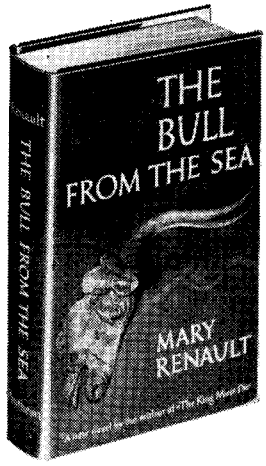

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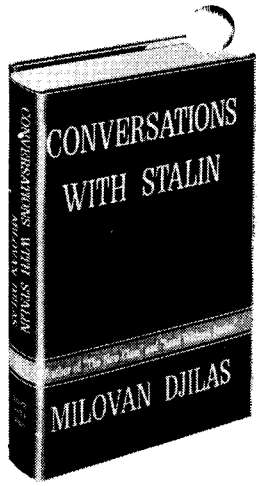

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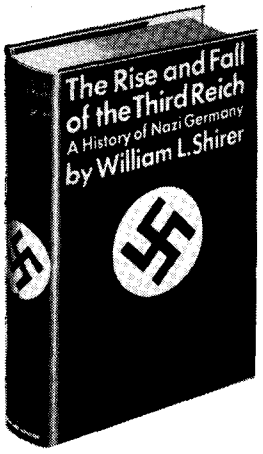

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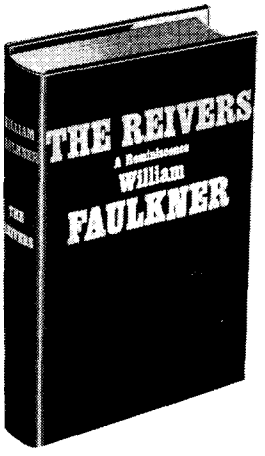

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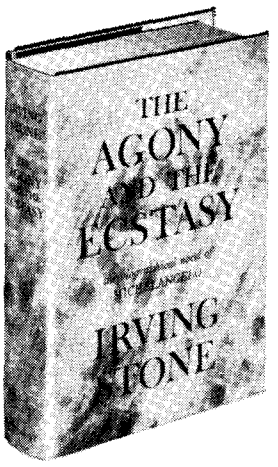

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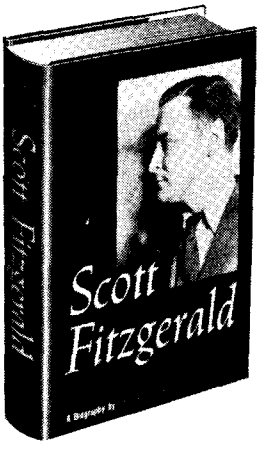

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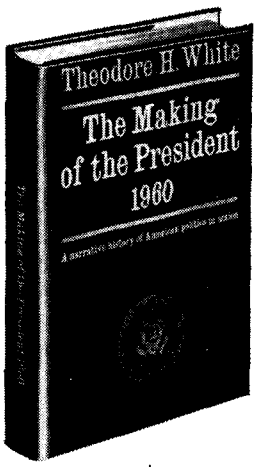

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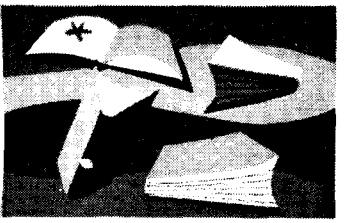
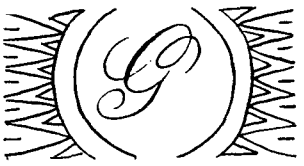
Trade Winds



THE MOMENT WE LEARNED that George Bernard Shaw's new phonetic alphabet was ready to be used in a new edition of "Androcles and the Lion," we whisked over to see a man who knows all about this sort of thing, Lawrence



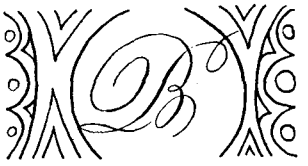
Langner, head of the Theatre Guild. Mr. Langner was responsible for six world premières of Shaw's plays and was associated with a total of twenty-nine major Shaw productions. What's more, we discovered that he is totally immersed in writing a book that will add more insight into the testy and colorful character of Mr. Shaw. Its tentative title is "Bernard Shaw and the Lunatic," and it is scheduled to appear within the year.

One of the more fascinating aspects Mr. Langner is exploring is Shaw's Last Will and Testament, which is dedicated to the proposition that the present-day alphabet is simply no blasted good. Shaw, in fact, left the greater part of his immense fortune to carry out a plan whereby a new alphabet would be established containing at least forty letters.

IN ITSELF A MASTERPIECE of rhetoric, Shaw's will combines fiery explosiveness with the stiff pedantries of a British solicitor. "I desire my Trustee to bear in mind," Shaw states in his will, "that the Proposed British Alphabet does not pretend to be exhaustive as it contains only sixteen vowels, whereas by infinitesimal movements of the tongue countless different vowels can be produced, all of them in use among speakers of English who utter the same vowels no oftener than they make the same fingerprints." The paragraph goes on to point out that "a university graduate calls my native country 'Awlind'."

SHAW'S MOTIVES in providing for the new alphabet in his will are being painstakingly detailed by Mr. Langner. "It's all reflected in Liza's transformation in the play 'Pygmalion'," he told us. "Shaw always worried about the humiliation people had to suffer because of lower-class speech patterns. He felt a new alphabet would smooth out vulgar speech, and that it would also facilitate the use of translating machines, dictating machines, and other devices to increase the speed of reading and writing. Shaw felt he never could write fast enough when the creative mood hit him. He was a Pitman shorthand expert, of course, but even that left him frustrated in getting down his ideas."

SHAW'S ESTATE at the time he died was one of the largest ever left by a writer. It came to nearly a million dollars. One-half of it was to go to set up the new alphabet; the other half was to go for promoting it. Then, when the



flood tide of income from "My Fair Lady" came along, the estate was more than doubled. In addition to that, the motion picture rights are said to involve a total of $5 million more.

All of this should foreshadow a roseate future for the new alphabet of Shaw's dreams, but because of the technicalities of the British law, only about £28,000 have been earmarked for the project, which is something less than what Shaw intended.

"The trouble," Mr. Langner told us, "is that the decision of the judge held that the trusts in connection with the proposed new alphabet were void."

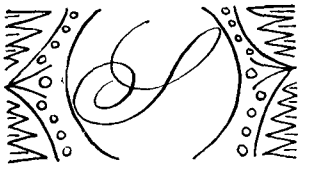
THE REASONING BEHIND this decision is a little obscure for the layman. Judge Harmon, in writing his opinion, held that the bequest was not really for a charitable purpose, nor did it contribute sufficiently to the advancement of education. The good judge wrote his decision in a distinctly Shavian style, which is no mean task for any law-orientated jurist.

"All his life long Bernard Shaw was an indefatigable reformer," he wrote. "Unfortunately, the will bears ample internal evidence of being in part the testator's own work. The two styles [legal vs. literary], as ever, make an unfortunate mixture. It is always a marriage of incompatibles. . . ."

The jurist then went on to conclude: "The result is that the alphabet trusts are, in my judgment, invalid, and must fail. It seems that their begetter suspected as much, hence his jibe about failure by judicial decision. I answer that it is not the fault of the law, but of the testator, who failed almost f the first time in his life to grasp th problem or to make up his mind what he wanted."

IT SEEMS IRONIC that one of the most articulate and energetic writers of recent times should suffer such a bitter posthumous defeat. However, there are shreds of comfort, such as they are. The sum of £150 was permitted to be paid out to a contest for devising the alphabet, the winner being Kingsley Read of Worcestershire, who put forty-eight characters into his alphabet, among them sixteen vowels. Penguin Books is bringing out the paperbound volume of "Androcles and the Lion" this month, which will contain both the conventional and the new-alphabet texts on facing pages. And, in his new book, Mr. Langner will expose in full detail the trials and tribulations Shaw faced in his passionate desire for a more facile alphabet.

IN SPITE OF all the problems involved, one gentleman has fought valiantly to try to see that the provisions of Shaw's will were carried out. He is the Public Trustee handling the estate, and his



name could very well have come directly out of a Charles Dickens novel. His efforts to save the day for Shaw's desires, however, make it strangely inapplicable. His name is R. P. Baulkwill.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's

Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1488)

Hannah Kahn:

ATONEMENT

Old the ritual,
deep the well,
thin the word.
I cannot quell
the ancient cry
nor keep the well
from being dry.
The slaughtered dove
knew more of pain
than I of love.

Before the last,
the final word,
before the feast
let love be heard!

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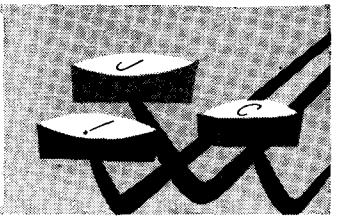

MAILBAG—END OF SUMMER: I played happy hooky most of the summer on the assumption that a man who does not read his mail has halved his problems. I did duck into the office for a few days toward the end of June, stirred a few papers about, decided spring fever can happen anytime of the year, and ducked out again till after Labor Day, returning then to find the mail piled some twelve-weeks-high and the poems stacked around in wire baskets and cardboard boxes. Since the poems had to come first, it was well into September before I finally made it to the mail, and found I was glad I had. A few items from the stack are simply too good not to pass along.

CENSORSHIP—IT HAD TO HAPPEN: One of the best reasons I know for standing flatly against all censorship is that it is an accumulating phenomenon: let in a little and you soon have a lot. In time the would-be censors would hardly leave a page untouched.

I am indebted to Marie B. Helms of Omaha for a clipping from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of August 13, 1962, that I hereby pass on in full as its own requiem for the dead end of one kind of mind:

> CLERIC WOULD CENSOR BIBLE OF MASSACRES AND "SMUT"
>
> London, Aug. 13 (AP)—Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, former president of the Methodist Conference, would like to censor the Bible.
>
> In an interview with correspondents of three London newspapers, he said he would "be very free with a blue pencil."
>
> Dr. Weatherhead, minister at the City Temple in the Holborn district of London, was asked what he would cut out. "A lot of bloody massacres and a lot of smutty little pieces that choir boys read on the quiet," he said.
>
> His main target was the Old Testament, which he described as "completely outmoded."

For my part, I must admit to less interest in Dr. Weatherhead's literary criticism than in the tantalizing glimpse he provides of low jinks behind the choir stall. Imagine those nasty little choir boys sneaking off after practice with an uncensored Bible hidden inside their comic books or under their choir robes (or both)! Where do they duck off to? I am left with visions of secret niches in church cellars, of precarious perches in belfries, and of crafty dens among organ pipes, all of them concealing a dirty little boy curdling his imagination with Old Testament massacres and panting hard at Old Testament smut. To think they sing like angels in the tall, slant light through the high windows, only to sneak off into their dim burrows and read the Bible on the quiet, probably by flashlight!

Let Dr. Weatherhead's revelation be a lesson to all parents to keep their sons at home where they can be properly watched and properly guarded from evil places, evil company, and evil reading habits.

COOKIES: A while back (*SR*, July 14) I reported William Sloane's great slogan for the annual girl-scout-and-brownie cookie campaign (TODAY'S BROWNIE IS TOMORROW'S COOKIE).

From the mailbag I am happy to pass on a note which is signed simply "Reader and Subscriber" and cites an excerpt "from the current issue of 'Vedanta and the West' p. 31, No. 156." The passage reads:

> The Mother [widow of Rama-Krishna] loved Margaret as her own and called her "Khooki"—using the Bengali term of endearment which means "little daughter."

My correspondent adds: "But it was all back in 1898!" Let me believe it goes back as far as the hearts of men. "Khooki" in Bengali, or "Cookie" in English; one of man's purest dreams of The Good has always been invested in those pudgy little girls who go into the chrysallis of their early teens, to come out at the other end in that glow the dream has always foreseen.

It is just about there, of course, that the former little boys, having gone through a chrysallis of their own, come flocking to their own dream. And since every dream deserves its own slogan (at least), I am delighted to pass on, courtesy of Mrs. Arthur G. Peterson of Lemont, Illinois, her husband's slogan for the boys' side of scouting: TODAY'S CUB IS TOMORROW'S WOLF.

TRAUMA IN THE LIBRARY: Boy or girl, it's a larger and more confusing world than reason can get into focus, especially that oddly lucid reason of a child baffled by the bumbledom of adults. Taking off from some of my remarks about children, Glenda Greves of Minneapolis reached into her memory for an experience that stays in my mind. The following is from her letter:

> Being brought up in a home where no one bought books (I think our home library consisted of "The Lincoln Library of Essential Information," a dictionary, a home medical book with horrid illustrations of the human insides done in revolting pink and red, and my own worn copy of "Heidi" for which I had begged, pleaded, and cried), my only source of reading material was the public library.
>
> In a few years, however, I had read and reread all the usual childrens' classics and all the popular series from the Bobbsey Twins to Miss Billie. I had actually outgrown the childrens' library only to find I was not yet old enough to be eligible for the adult card.
>
> The librarians held a council and finally came up with a solution. I was to be an "exception." They would issue me a card for upstairs, but I must not tell the other children, I must have the greatest respect for the Upper Sanctum, and I must agree to let the "Upstairs Librarian" censor my selections.
>
> And there went a skinny, knobby-kneed little girl, clutching her new *adult* library card, tip-toeing into this amazing new world with shelves of books . . . hundreds and hundreds of books and I hadn't read a one!
>
> An hour later I made it to the check-out desk with a pile of books I could scarcely carry or see over, only to be told by the librarian that as a child-adult reader I could only check out two books at a time.
>
> . . . "It takes so much longer to read these BIG books, dear . . . and let's see . . . no, this is too old for you . . . and so is this . . . and this. . . ."
>
> The only book that survived my first selection was something by Richard Halliburton. One of the books the librarian decided was too old for me was Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth." I was almost thirteen years old, but the good librarian considered "The Good Earth" much too earthy for me.

Mrs. Greve, I'd like you to meet the Reverend Doctor Weatherhead, that distinguished looking gentleman with the large blue pencil there behind his ear—or is it skewered through his head? It's hard to tell in this light. I should guess you know all about him, and that you have known since you were thirteen. But do you see those scurrying small figures behind him, their choir-robes spread back upon the breeze as they run? Watch out for them: they're sneaking off to read the Bible—on the quiet!

—JOHN CIARDI.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES *Oxford University Press,* New York 16, N. Y.

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 13, 1962

DOES ANYONE REMEMBER THE THIRTIES?

By ALFRED KAZIN, *noted critic whose most recent book, "Contemporaries," is a collection of essays on literary, social, and cultural topics.*

BY THE middle of the Thirties, Hitler had been in power only two years, but he had already destroyed German democracy and begun his preparations for war. I, for one, had already seen, on maps put out by exiled German democrats and trade unionists, sites marked Buchenwald and Oranienburg—two of the many concentration camps that were to "astonish" the world at the end of World War II.

Mussolini at this time was sending s bombers and flame throwers against the straw huts of Ethiopian villagers. In Spain, army officers were proceeding to break their oath to the constitutionally elected government of the Spanish Republic and, with the help of Hitler and Mussolini, to make war on the people who dared to vote for social justice and free institutions. In Russia, the paranoiac Stalin was launching the fantastic purges in which so many millions of Communist officials were to be framed and killed by their own government. In France, the Fascists who were to help defeat France in 1940 were already crippling the democratic coalition government. Throughout Europe, the political forces were aligning themselves to create ten years of terror.

In the United States, a sullen revolt of the masses dominated everything, and there was an insurgent, unruly, disorderly mood in the air. Sixteen million were unemployed, and five million were on relief. When war broke out in 1939, one out of every six in the work force was still unemployed. It was not until the real avalanche of war production began in 1940 that the nightmare of unemployment was ended.

These revolutionary years, which saw Hitler and Roosevelt come to power within two months of each other, were also a time when, strangely enough, Americans gained themselves a new respect abroad. It is really amazing what a difference money makes—especially the lack of it. People all over the world who were poor and at the bottom of the social heap felt a distinct sympathy for the United States that surprised even themselves, and that stands in curious contrast to the unpopularity of Americans today in a world to which we are so anxious to present a favorable image of ourselves. In Latin America, there was unusual sympathy for this country, especially after President Roosevelt had gone down to Mexico to confirm the Good Neighbor policy. One Mexican peon, who saw the crippled President hobbling down the ramp from his train, said that he had never realized that an American, and this the President, could be as deprived as a Mexican.

There was a feeling, too, that America had risen to the greatest national crisis since the Civil War, and that our democracy had proved itself capable of making the necessary adjustments in the emergency. Certainly it is a fact that this country in the Thirties boiled over with relentless criticism of itself. It was what Americans could make of themselves that interested them—it was the extent to which they could make America over. Since so many Americans were in the same condition of forced and unnatural poverty in the most highly developed industrial country in the world, since hundreds of thousands of people were roaming the roads, with whole communities abandoning their farms, it was impossible for people not to feel goaded by privation and humiliation. It was not some abstract political idealism but sheer intensity of exasperation that marked the vast and so often hysterical movements of dissent in the Thirties.

ANYONE who was of age then, especially anyone who came of age then, knew that he was living through one of those periods of social breakdown, of agonizing social renewal, that mark a new period in history. One could see it in the enforced education of the country squire Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, whatever the Mexican peon might have thought, had had a very different upbringing from his own, but had learned to understand the peon, and millions like him, because of the unending storm of events. These events forced many Americans to confront for the first time the idea that they were failures. And their individual life crises were multiplied a thousand times in every community, millions of times throughout the United States. There was a restlessness and questioning that

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was national in scope. Failure on such a scale, among a people so accustomed to success, was the grimmest kind of specter.

Naturally not many Americans care to admit this now, for the war-engendered prosperity that began in the Forties has made the crisis of the earlier decade, the skeleton in the national closet, the ordeal that everyone wants to forget. It is much easier to stage mock battles at Bull Run and to have ladies dress up in crinolines and play at being their great grandmothers than it is to remember that for virtually ten years in this country the veils of national illusion and sentimental nationalism were stripped off.

Americans then saw that they were as vulnerable as everyone else. De Tocqueville had said that America had been kept in reserve for mankind as if by the Deity, and Jefferson had called this country humanity's second chance. But now the privilege had suddenly ended. Americans no longer felt unique. They, too, were a people of tribulations—and, as a result, they, like everyone else, were quite capable of extremist mass movements, Communist and Fascist, of the kind they had considered exclusively European. In Louisiana, Huey Long suspended constitutional guarantees and ran the state as if it were his personal racket. On the whole, people took this, as the Germans took Hitler, because they felt that the crisis called for extreme solutions, and that anyone who was ruling the masses in the name of the masses was responding to the need of the hour.

IT was in the Thirties, indeed, that mass society as we know it today became a very real fact. More and more people began to doubt the value of the external moral structure and political order. In toppling things over they often showed that they were willing to do anything to anybody, to proscribe, to segregate, and even to murder whole groups of their own people, as long as their own security in the mass, under the new ideological banners, seemed safe. More and more people—not least the intellectuals and scholars—were willing to affirm that they belonged first to a class or a race rather to what had been called humanity. Even German liberals who disapproved of Hitler found themselves justifying his suppressions on the ground that the economic crisis had been unbearable. It turned out that people would tolerate any collective hysteria, any manifest injustice—to others—as long as they were not made to feel, as individuals, useless, alienated, idle.

The specter of alienation, which Karl Marx had seen dividing the worker from his mechanical round, now became the great fact of middle-class civilization in all Western countries. The class that had defended property as necessary to civilization and to culture now proved faithless to both civilization and culture as soon as it was threatened with economic disaster. For the first time in the history of Christianity, people were condemned wholly on the basis of race rather than of belief; on the purely mechanical basis of social origin—and not even of their own social origin, but that of their parents and even grandparents—rather than on the basis of individual acts. Not what they did or believed, but whether they had a grandfather who had been a Kulak, or a grandmother who had a tincture of Jewish blood, now became the occasion for the fiercest punishment in the same countries out of which had come "Faust," "War and Peace," and the Beethoven symphony that ends with a choral promise that all men will be brothers.

The most powerful country in Western Europe now made it the law for Nobel Prize winners in physics to be driven beyond its borders, and in many cases imprisoned and finally gassed, because they were one-quarter Jewish, one-eighth Jewish, or because they would not abandon their Jewish wives. While in Russia children of ten could be condemned to death by the penal code for so-called crimes against the state in order to wring confessions out of their parents, in Germany humanity was treated as if it were in a zoo. This zoo was run by fanatics who spoke of themselves as the pinnacle of human evolution—thus giving them the right to exterminate "inferior" races—but at the same time they boasted that the wild animal was their ideal. Hitler said, "We will bring up a youth from which the old world will shrink in fear. I want a forcible, domineering, unflinching, cruel youth. I want to see the free splendid predatory animal spring from their eyes. Thus will I extinguish thousands of years of human domestication."

Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini—these men marked the turning point of our civilization. For one saw now that behind these leaders were grievances that could not be satisfied; one saw, too, that the people who claimed to be suffering most did not want their grievances satisfied, that the vengefulness against conditions like the Versailles Treaty was really directed against anyone and everyone who stood in the path of unlimited, cruel, exultant power. One saw now that, in the name of the masses, government leaders could pursue policies as sadistic, homicidal, and finally suicidal as that of the most demented individual. Where the government controlled all the radio stations, all the newspapers and magazines and publishing houses, and all the schools, one saw that most individuals, except in the rarest and most pitifully minute numbers, would do nothing but fall in line. The most original, and supposedly one of the most profound of contemporary German philosophers, actually turned his old teacher, the founder of phenomenology, out of Freiburg University. In Russia, at the hideous and unforgettable Moscow Trials, the most distinguished political figures and the greatest scholars and writers confessed to having conspired all their lives to destroy their own country.

UNDER these circumstances, the individual who still believed in some basic commandments—Thou shalt not make a mockery of the truth itself. . . . Thou shalt not betray thy father and mother for the greater glory of the state. . . . Thou shalt not kill, especially not out of racial arrogance—realized that with the Thirties a new epoch had arrived, springing straight out of the abysmal disillusionments of World War I and the subsequent economic crisis, and that the old liberal politics could neither interpret it correctly nor control it. This vengefulness inside the heart of man himself, the need to take the most extreme course, this incredible suspicion and disbelief and murderousness between human beings—reaching its climax in World War II, in the so-called "final solution" that C. P. Snow has called "the worst episode in human history"—is the dominant fact of the Thirties. There is here a question that everything comes back to, that demands to be confronted, even if it cannot be answered: How could it all have happened? Was our liberal idea of humanity simply so deluded, so naïve? It is possible that totalitarianism is more consonant with the real nature of humanity. Can people really be led this far even when they lack fanaticism themselves?

The real shock of World War II, and its aftermath was that it showed how much people will prefer any collective excitement to the individual feeling of uselessness so common in the Thirties. We did not go to war in order to abolish unemployment, but the 50 per cent increase in American output between 1940 and 1945 represented a lot of audible satisfaction—so much so that by now no one ever complains of what used to be called "merchants of death." Whenever any factory that is engaged in war production shuts down, or moves away, everyone from Congressmen to unions to the local chambers of commerce unite in putting maximum pressure on the government to restore

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production. People seem to be able to tolerate war, national crusades, racial segregation, mass hysteria. What they don't seem to tolerate is unemployment, the feeling of being useless, the sight of their children going without. If this is true, if we are fairly indifferent to the fate of humanity until our own fate is called into question, then the great lesson of the Thirties, that *anybody* will revolt if he gets angry or humiliated enough, is the great lesson of our own day, and we had better hoist some storm warnings now.

To put it simply, if we cannot trust humanity to safeguard anyone, least of all in a nucelar war, perhaps we had better not push anybody too hard, lest we find ourselves with more human vengefulness on our hands than we can deal with. When we think of the Chinese now, those 700 millions, so many starving, so many more glowering with hate for the outside world, it is easy to imagine them capable of acting on the terrible words uttered by some diehard Nazis in May, 1945. When everything had fallen around them, they could say, quite seriously, "But at least we have made others suffer." A frightful saying, and all the more terrible because it is the automatic *Schadenfreude* of the enraged mass in our day. And are *we* quite sure that humanity is not prepared to endure even more suffering—the suffering of others, that is—than it did between 1939 and 1945?

Remember that the intervals between the great wars have grown ever shorter, and that once people have seen the worst they and others can do, and that humans can take, they are likely to try again. The brave Yugoslav heretic and former political leader Milovan Djilas has been sentenced to nine years in jail for having written a book on his wartime "Conversations with Stalin." He reports Stalin as saying in 1944—and this in rapture—"The war will soon be over. We shall recover in fifteen or twenty years, and then we'll have another go at it."

Many so-called specialists in nuclear warfare now talk coolly about the possibilities of living past the next world war with five to six million dead. We have recently seen clergymen and other supposedly responsible people seriously discussing the morality involved in possibly having to shoot down our neighbors should they want to get into our fallout shelters. Our generation has seen so much blood—in the language of the "Odyssey" it has been given so much blood to drink—that we are no longer sensitive to habitual outrages. The ideals that prevailed before World War I and that were still felt to be challenging before World War II, now seem meaningless beside the dozens of innocent Moslem women who were shot down week after week on the streets of Algiers. The openness with which these crimes were committed by French patriots who have been through all the colonial wars lost by France since 1945 should give us pause; for there are extremists in this country determined to win at any price. But actually we ourselves already know, for the first time in history, the feeling of a bad conscience. When the world puts together, as it always does, Buchenwald *and* Hiroshima, we know, no matter how many legitimate explanations we can offer, that as a nation we can no longer consider ourselves innocent.

We Americans realize that we are caught up, like everybody else, in the lock step of necessity. But later on, if the disaster of another world war is unloosed upon humanity, we shall no longer be able to exculpate ourselves on the ground of necessity. This much we should have learned in our journey from the Thirties to the Sixties. For it should be evident that we cannot trust what is called necessity, that we cannot limit our intellectual faith only to what are called the "realistic" decisions.

What is now required of every thinking, responsible human being is, simply and generously, *everything*—that he rise above necessity, realism, the justice of his own cause, and, for the first time in many centuries (or is it for the last time?), act as if the perpetuation of values, of our species itself, it may be of all life on this planet, were up to *him*. For the first time since the modern era began, we can see that the missing element in all our political calculations has been man—his hopefulness, his good regard for himself, his free hope of the future. We have pushed disgust with ourselves up to the limit of political safety; the worse we think of ourselves as a whole, the worse we behave. Realism now has as many dangers as the innocence we used to have; we have given man all the bad names he can bear, and even our disillusionments no longer have salutary effects. For the first time, something limited, but with the most far-reaching consequences, is required of us—that we no longer *kill*. For the first time in centuries, indeed, perhaps since the beginning of the Christian era, politics may again be wholly synonymous with the ancient need to cherish the creation and to bless it for existing.

"Has anyone ever told you how cute you are when you're mad?"

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Asphalt Is Bitter Soil

Brian Moore

THE AUTHOR: What, Brian Moore was challenged this week, compelled him to write about misfits in his first three novels: "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne," "The Feast of Lupercal," and "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," which in 1960 won the Governor-General of Canada's award for fiction? "I think," he replied, "that failure is a more interesting condition than success. Success changes people; it makes them something they were not and dehumanizes them in a way, whereas failure leaves you with a more intense distillation of that self you are."

The new novel is different. "It is a book about ambition, and it is a book about the conflict between generations in New York. I lived in Greenwich Village for two years and became enormously aware of the tremendous amount of ambition—self-defeating ambition—which I saw among people. Everybody wanted to be *the* best, and that often stopped them from doing anything. They're not content to be good; everybody wants to be No. 1, and if they aren't they're miserable. And many of them aren't No. 25 in the big league of the world.

"So what I was trying to show in 'An Answer from Limbo' was the effect of ambition on one of the characters—the writer—and the effect on his wife of dissatisfaction with modern life." He wanted, he said, to juxtapose people born sixty years ago—the protagonist's mother, who was content to live for others—with those born thirty years ago, like his wife, who should have been happy simply to rear her own children, but wasn't. "All fiction," he noted, "is a dramatization or heightening of normal life, and some people might say her reaction is extreme, but I have known a number of women in New York who in one way or another exemplify some of the traits she possesses." Mr. Moore granted, however, that her obsession with sexual excitement perhaps expresses an unconscious protest on his part "against the current belief that bigger and better orgasms are the answer.

"One of the things I tried to show is that it is much easier to live, as the mother does, with a fixed set of beliefs, even if they are wrong ones, than to make up the rules as one goes along. Unfortunately, it is more difficult to live without a faith than with one."

How, Mr. Moore was asked, did he account for the unusual insight he has into elderly people and women? "I've always been interested in old people," he said. "Any old person bores me less than any young person. The fact of the history of his life always stuns me and makes me want to find out his secret—which, of course, he doesn't have. . . . I suppose I was very fond of my mother—and I had six sisters. We were three boys and six sisters, and I lived with girls a lot. Perhaps there's something feminine in my character in that I find women more interesting than men."

Of his books, "Judith Hearne" sold the best. Although nothing came of plans to dramatize it for Broadway, the novel has been bought by John Huston as a film for Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

During the war Mr. Moore, a New Yorker since 1959, served with the British Ministry of War Transport in North Africa, Italy, and France; three years after its conclusion he left Belfast, his birthplace, and got a job on the Montreal *Gazette,* first as proofreader, then as reporter and rewrite man. "I realized," he said, "that if I wanted to write, the only thing I could do was to save up some money and quit." Which, in 1952, he did. "My wife went to work—same as the hero of this novel. But *I* am still married."

Actually, the only truly autobiographical note in the book is Mr. Moore's description of the mother's burial. "When you're a writer, you no longer see things with the freshness of the normal person. There are always two figures that work inside you, and if you are at all intelligent you realize that you have lost something. But I think here has always been this dichotomy in a real writer. He wants to be terribly human, and he responds emotionally, and at the same time there's this cold observer who cannot cry." —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

By GRANVILLE HICKS

BRIAN MOORE was born in Ireland, migrated to Canada in 1948, and recently has been living in this country. His first two novels, "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" and "The Feast of Lupercal," were laid in Ireland; his third, "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" (*SR*, Aug. 27, 1960), was set in Montreal, though its principal characters were Irish; the scene of **"An Answer from Limbo"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5) is New York City. His novels have, so to speak, kept up with his movements, but his work is all of one piece.

In "An Answer from Limbo" a young Irishman named Brendan Tierney is supporting himself, his wife, and their two children by working on a magazine while trying to write a novel. He sends some money to his widowed mother in Ireland, though not so much as she needs. Suddenly he sees a solution of his problems: his mother can come to New York to take care of the apartment and the children, Jane can get a job, and he can do the writing he wants to do. The novel tells what happens when the plan is put into operation.

By all odds the most imposing figure is Brendan's mother, who matches Judith Hearne in poignancy and is the same sort of triumph of characterization. Mrs. Tierney comes to the strangeness of the city, its noise, its heat, its dirt. She, with her stalwart faith in Catholicism, comes to live among pagans. She comes as an unpaid servant, overworked and made to feel an intruder. She is not the simple person she appears to be; her dreams and fantasies reveal the troubled depths of her mind. But she has the strength to preserve her dignity in the most difficult sort of situation, and if her end is wretchedly pathetic, she meets it like the heroine she is.

Jane, Brendan's wife, an almost perfectly typical product of contemporary society, is at the opposite pole from Mrs. Tierney. She is completely rootless—Mrs. Tierney is astonished to find nothing in the apartment that can be associated with Jane's family—and is content to be. She looks on religion as vulgar superstition, but uses the jargon of psychoanalysis as if it were revealed

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Teamwork or Troika?

"The Soviet Union at the United Nations: An Inquiry into Soviet Motives and Objectives," by Alexander Dallin *(Praeger. 244 pp. Hardbound, $5.75. Paperback, $1.95), maintains that the Kremlin regards the world organization as a means for achieving its own purposes. Philip E. Mosely is the author of "The Kremlin and World Politics."*

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

AT EACH stage in its turbulent history the operations and prospects of the United Nations have been strongly influenced by the cold war. This has been a deep disappointment to the hopes or illusions of many enthusiastic supporters who thought that the new international body would somehow be able to forestall or contain the contest of rival interests and incompatible ideologies. Since its success or failure has usually been measured by its ability to serve this purpose, the prestige of the United Nations has fluctuated wildly.

Confidence in the United Nations has risen to unwarranted heights in certain crises. This was the case after it had helped bring about the withdrawal of Soviet forces from northern Iran, after it interposed its influence to help stop the Suez invasion, and again during the first two months of the Congo action, July and August 1960, when both East and West seemed willing to let the United Nations, acting through Dag Hammarskjöld, try its hand at mastering chaos. At other times, as in the continuing struggles over the Soviet *troika* demands, in the widespread habit of adopting flamboyant and unenforceable resolutions, and in its present grave financial crisis, general confidence in the ability of the United Nations to help safeguard peace and even to survive the storms has ebbed rapidly.

Does the Soviet Union want a United Nations at all? Does it want a United Nations that will serve merely as a propaganda forum? Or does it want to keep it weak now while working toward a time when the Communist powers may be able to dominate it? Perhaps its purposes are a mixture of all of these. In the meantime we can best judge the Soviet leaders' aims by their actions, and to these Dr. Dallin's study provides a thoughtful and indispensable guide. His review of Soviet policy in and toward the United Nations can provide each reader with a basis for forming his own judgment on future prospects.

Without laboring the point—indeed, perhaps he should have explained it in greater detail—Dr. Dallin reminds his readers of the central misunderstanding that has hobbled the United Nations from its birth. The concept of an increasingly recognized and effective community of states is an idea of Western democratic origin, just as the League of Nations and the United Nations were basically of Mazzinian-Wilsonian, and certainly not of Marxist-Leninist, parentage. Both Clemenceau and Stalin attached little if any weight to the ideological aspirations that inspired the League and the United Nations; they assigned far more importance to their potential role in the operations of power politics. Clemenceau accepted the League reluctantly, but he finally subscribed to it because it would, he hoped, help freeze the post-Versailles status quo and thus in some measure bolster French predominance in Europe.

Stalin accepted the United Nations with even greater scepticism, but he did so in the expectation that behind its façade of "community" the important decisions would be prearranged through secret negotiations among a few big powers and particularly between the Soviet Union and the United States. The idea of supporting the United Nations because of its great potential value as an instrument of orderly international life has been absent from Soviet thinking and action. Significantly, the new Soviet Party Program of 1961, as Dr. Dallin points out, contains not a single reference to the United Nations.

One of the main obstacles to developing a more effective international organization has been the Soviet habit of throwing all its power into the pursuit of whatever happened to be its particular goal at any given time. Apparently its leaders have never asked themselves whether it would not be wise to accept and support some decisions—for example, the decision to support the Arab refugees or to try to bring about an orderly evolution of

—Wide World.

Khrushchev and Gromyko at the U.N.—". . . the Soviet habit of throwing all its power into the pursuit of . . . its particular goal at any given time."

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the Congo to full control of its own affairs—rather than to tear the United Nations to pieces because of their anger over this or that failure to achieve their own purpose and to do so immediately.

Most governments outside the Communist orbit ask themselves from time to time whether it is not better to go along with a particular United Nations decision, and to provide financial, political and even military support for it, because of an overriding interest in strengthening the world organization as a presently weak but potentially invaluable instrument for defining and fulfilling the universal interest in peace and orderly change. Whether this un-Leninist notion will some day occur to some future leaders in the Kremlin depends less on what they do and say today than on whether the non-Communist countries, both industrially advanced and politically "new," can learn to work together in the United Nations to transform their hopes for peace and cooperation into workable and lasting patterns of common action.

The Key Is National Interest

"The Cold War: Retrospect and Prospect," by Frederick L. Schuman *(Louisiana State University Press. 104 pp. $3.50), reminds us of the historical roots of East-West antagonism, with some trenchant comments on the behavior of both sides. Stringfellow Barr wrote "Let's Join the Human Race" and "Citizens of the World."*

By STRINGFELLOW BARR

THIS brief, pungently written, pleasantly relaxed discussion of the cold war and also of what might happen if we and the Russians turned our energies to some more fruitful occupation will, I hope and pray, be widely read.

Lectures delivered at academic institutions do not usually make good books. Maybe the reason these three lectures at Louisiana State University have made an excellent book is precisely because Dr. Schuman chose to print them pretty much as he had delivered them. The book makes no attempt to compete with "The Cold War and Its Origins," by Denna Frank Fleming, which Dr. Schuman rightly praises; but it may drive more than one surprised reader to turn to Fleming's two volumes. If it does, Dr. Schuman will have once more served his country well.

The Russia that emerges in Dr. Schuman's first lecture has always combined its national self-interest with a high-sounding manifest destiny, whether Orthodox Christianity, Pan-Slavism, or world Communism—an ambivalence not unknown among other Great Powers in history. It is a Russia invaded repeatedly over the centuries, and almost always from the West. Over and over again, and not surprisingly, Russia has reacted to this Western threat by strong government, whether by Czar or Communist Party chairmanship; for, until recently, she has always been conspicuously weaker than the West. She has been for centuries rather unsuccessful at aggression: her expansion has usually resulted from defensive wars. Her increase in strength since World War II has led her, again not surprisingly, from Stalinist terror to increasing relaxation under Khrushchev. Although Churchill once called her, in a phrase we love to quote in hushed tones, "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," he added, in words we rarely quote, "But perhaps there is a key. That key is Russian national interest." It could be.

In his second lecture Dr. Schuman, with Lewis Carroll's help, disposes of some of our sillier cold war slogans. He explains how the invasion of Russia in 1918 by British, French, Italian, Japanese, American, and other troops helped create the totalitarian government in Moscow. Since I would gamble that many, if not most, of his readers have either never heard of American troops fighting Lenin's government on Russian soil, or have long ago forgiven and forgotten the fact that Lenin's Red Army fought back, I would guess that this brief news item will help them understand Russia's fears better than some of the book's more recent bulletins. Some of our own patriots wring their hands when they discover educated Englishmen who have never heard that British troops once burned the White House. To be fair, both episodes were minor details of vast wars and therefore of less interest to the invaders than to the invaded. But the invasion of Russia was more recent by almost a century than the burning of the White House. When our troops invaded Russia, as Dr. Schuman says, "Communists then believed Communism could be extended by war, and anti-Communists believed that Communism could be destroyed by war Both were wrong." When Russia seized Central Europe at the end of World War II, it was not because she had opened an aggressive war to spread Communism; it was because she had won a war that Hitler had launched for the avowed purpose of extirpating Communism. Hitler failed, and thereby illustrated Schuman's judgment.

Dr. Schuman's third lecture is very pointedly directed at his fellow-citizens, and this will anger some of the readers, caught in the tit-for-tat, get-tough self-righteousness of the Cold War. Such readers will not be pacified by the fact that Moscow has denounced Dr. Schuman as "a tool of Wall Street." But we should be grateful, I think, that in this third lecture Dr. Schuman suggests policies that we might adopt, policies that would certainly not increase our danger and, indeed, would stand a good chance of lessening it. Of course they—or any other policies that make sense—are certainly in the category of "no-win policies." For only our more frenzied patriots now believe that somebody could win the Third World War, or even the Cold War. Since there is still a good bit of frenzy abroad in the land, Dr. Schuman has shown his habitual courage by analyzing a desperately difficult problem instead of offering to eat a Russian alive.

Perhaps, having said that much, I can risk criticizing one point in this book without appearing to doubt its author's patriotism or political morality. We must agree, I think, with his diagnosis that in the Munich period London and Paris hoped that, if they abandoned the military bastion of Central Europe, Hitler would fight Russia, not the West. I think Dr. Schuman's statement would have reached the American reader's understanding more promptly had he added what Moscow hoped: that Hitler would strike westward rather than eastward, that the capitalist powers would fight each other to exhaustion according to Marxist doctrine, and that this exhaustion would lead to the rise of Communism in Western Europe.

This absorbing analysis of the Cold War confirms my judgment that, except for the bloodshed and agony of Korea, Hungary, Laos, and other places, and except for the daily threat of general annihilation, the Cold War has been an uproarious Comedy of Errors. The two leading clowns have been the two most heavily armed governments in all human history. I hope the audience likes the show and will be able to leave the theatre alive.

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The Poet and the Psychoanalysts

"Poe: A Biography," by William Bittner *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 306 pp. $6.50), portrays the unhappy writer as a victim of events rather than a ravaged neurotic. Harry T. Moore teaches English and American literature at the University of Colorado in Boulder.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THIS lively book, which the author speaks of as journalism rather than scholarship, deals helpfully with some of Edgar Allan Poe's writings, but gives most of its attention to his life. Mr. Bittner reels off the familiar episodes: Poe's upbringing in the care of an essentially unsympathetic guardian, his brief university and military careers, his savage struggle to make a living as a writer, his marriage to a child, his rootless existence in shabby lodging houses, his death in a Baltimore hospital after he was picked up, half-conscious, in the street. The material may be somewhat hackneyed by now, but Mr. Bittner treats it freshly, and sometimes with dramatic force.

His point of view often coincides with that of the revisionists, who dislike the psychoanalytic interpretations of Poe and see in him not so much a ravaged neurotic as a victim of events beyond himself, including the gamy legends that had already begun to spread in his own lifetime. Some of these myths were demolished in 1941, nearly a century after his death, when Arthur Hobson Quinn brought out a massive and richly documented biography of Poe, which Mr. Bittner frequently draws upon. Indeed, he sometimes refers his readers to it directly, as in the matter of Poe's rumored addiction to drugs—a point on which Mr. Bittner should have summarized Quinn's findings and so made his own book more nearly self-sufficient.

Interestingly, the just-published autobiography of Joseph Wood Krutch, "More Lives than One," offers some comments on what he calls the "Poe cult," and reaffirms the Freudian deductions made in his book on Poe in 1926 and widely accepted since then. Mr. Bittner makes only an indirect reference to the Krutch theories and to those of Marie Bonaparte, who in 1933 found that Poe suffered from a "latent sado-necrophilism." Mr. Bittner, however, who suggests in an appendix that he has little faith in "psychoanalysis beyond the grave," strains too far in his turn in his efforts to make Poe seem as normal as possible. He simply ignores too many implications, including the "Lolita complex" which was certainly a symptom of the immaturity that brought on so many of Poe's troubles.

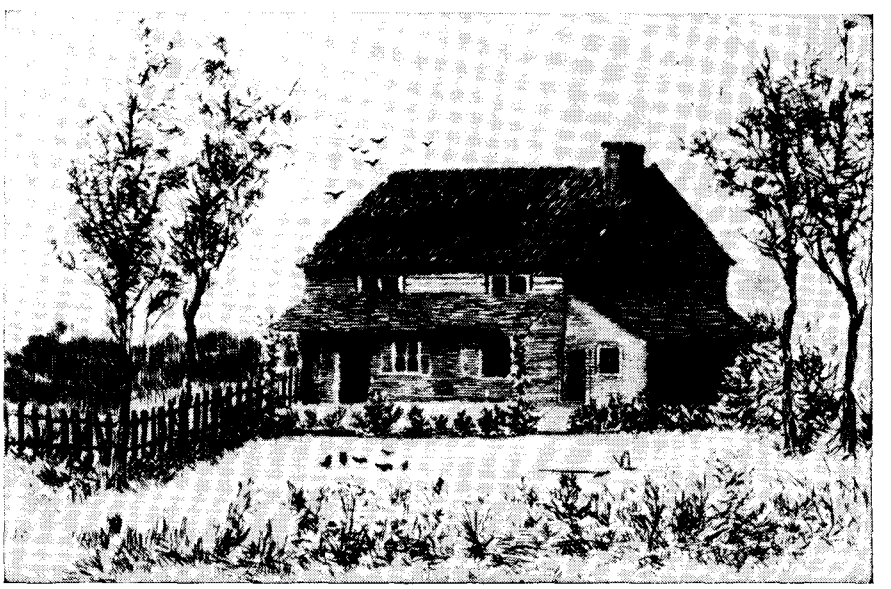
—*Bettmann Archive.*

Edgar Allan Poe, by Henri Matisse

One of the controversies that rages over Poe's writings is whether, as some critics think, he is merely a contriver of jingles in his verses and a merchant of rhetoric and melodramatic shudders in his stories, or whether (as Vincent Buranelli stated last year in the Poe-book-before-this-one) he is "America's greatest writer." Mr. Bittner avoids both these somewhat ridiculous extremes, but goes so far as to find Poe "a master of fiction"—a reasonable enough judgment, particularly since it is qualified by a statement to the effect that, by working himself into this category, Poe ruined himself as a lyric poet.

Most of Mr. Bittner's investigation of the writings, however, doesn't go very deeply into evaluation. He is at his best when he synthesizes the life and works in order to trace the origin and development of various tales and poems, as well as of Poe's dominant ideas. If this procedure sometimes slows down the brisk and occasionally bare narrative—bare when it depends too much on outside references, such as those to Quinn—it at least provides a quickening look at Poe's talent in operation. This intensifies the value of the purely biographical passages, and helps make Mr. Bittner's book, journalism or not, a useful addition to the Poe literature.

(Book Reviews continue on page 31.)



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Poe's Cottage at Fordham, where he lived with his child-bride, Virginia Clemm.

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A Challenge to Our Assumptions

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this week's guest editorial is chairman of the Council on World Tensions, Inc., and former chairman of the board of General Mills, Inc.*

MAN'S problem of survival today is not a case of "we or they." Neither is the issue one of "win" or "not win." It is, rather, to realize that every system, every ideology, is going through turbulent, revolutionary change; that *they* as well as *we* are changing.

Once this realization is made, the fanatical states of mind induced by the cold war, and inflamed by suspicious contempt, mistrust, and even outright hatred, can be safely abandoned. For many of the things we feared about each other yesterday, and perhaps with some justification, simply are not true today.

Take, for example, the nineteenth-century picture of capitalism which Communists continue to project. This picture is of farmers and factory labor being exploited in order that capitalists might accumulate savings for investment in increased technological growth and production of more goods for more people. But modern capitalism has changed. Now the capitalist ideal is to make every man an owner. The free world is not bent on burying Communism; rather it would work for a condition wherein every government rests on the consent of the governed. Democracy in economic life is developing fast.

On the other hand, consider the picture of Communism that the free world continues to project. Farmers and factory labor are exploited in order that Communist states might accumulate savings for investment in increased technological growth and the production of more goods for more people. But modern Communism is also changing. The principle of government by consent of the governed is edging into the minds of Communist peoples.

All humanity, capitalist and Communist, white and colored, West and East, North and South, more developed and less developed, is moving forward into some new stage.

A billion Europeans, Middle Easterners, and North Americans have left behind old Scrooge's tyrannical kind of capitalism.

A billion Communists are moving away from tyrannical, totalitarian dictatorship toward a politics and economics consistent with the demands of the new science and engineering and of moral teachings.

Hundreds of millions of Indians have stepped out beyond colonialism.

Hundreds of millions of Chinese are striving to go beyond feudalism.

Hundreds of millions of Latin Americans are breaking the bonds of peonage.

The colored peoples, three-quarters of the human race, are climbing toward the goal of equality of opportunity.

Minds which busy themselves with "burying capitalism" or "destroying Communism" are blinded by preconceptions. Much of the anticapitalist fanaticism in Communist lands, like the anti-Communist crusades in the open societies, is meaningless. The great concerns of our time now lie far deeper than the cold war. The changes which science and technology are bringing into all older systems, and the advanced positions toward which peoples are marching, make the cold war not only out of date, but dangerously deceptive. For the money, manpower, and energy demanded by negative efforts in a cold war could keep us from developing initiative and creative action, and from asserting leadership on the main streams of human change.

This change presents a real challenge to our past assumptions. As an American businessman, a former head of a major industrial corporation, I have held that business success depends on management's willingness to recognize change, to accept the principle of early obsolescence, and to embrace improved techniques. I have tried to think how this verified business philosophy applies to the West's political attitudes.

One thing is certain. It is hogwash when Khrushchev talks of conquering mankind. We must not let such boasts drive us to bankruptcy through armaments, nor immobilize our Department of State, making it incapable of new ideas. We are well aware of Khrushchev's reasoning. He made three points clear, writing in *Foreign Affairs* as long ago as October, 1959:

(1) We are required to coexist. The alternative is mutual destruction, which neither system wants.
(2) Peaceful coexistence should develop into peaceful competition for the purpose of satisfying man's needs in the best possible ways.
(3) We must keep the positions of ideological struggle clear, but not by resorting to arms in order to prove that one is right.

We need not fear the implications of the third proposition. Lenin taught that Communism would make headway not by arms but by the force of example. *Pravda* repeats the confident prophecy that peaceful coexistence will afford opportunity to strengthen the Communist camp and lead to the simultaneous dissolution of the capitalist societies. They will try to penetrate by means of their ideas, as we are pushing our ideas. So what?

Are the West Germans embracing Communism when the Hammer and Sickle exhibits the example of building a wall to keep East Germans in the Communist paradise? Were the Asian and African participants in the United Nations's investigation of the Kremlin's example in Hungary convinced that

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Communism is what they want in their nations? African leaders and students ve for years been witnessing the ommunist example as guests in Communist cities: why is there not a single really successful Communist party in Africa? Latin Americans have watched the confused Castro and seen the example of Communism in Cuba. Unless the privileged religious forces, the powerful military, and the wealthy élite in South America resist reasonable social changes, Communism will not be the wave of the future there. Canadians and Americans have watched the example of Communist countries for forty years; Communist gains in North America are as rare as cases of cholera. Communists will bury capitalism? Nonsense!

Indeed, there is no substantial evidence at all that the whole world will ever go Communist. The Communists have had no more success in converting mankind to their creed than the Jews experienced in getting the whole world to accept their presentation of a Universal Jehovah. Or than the Buddhists have had in persuading everybody to follow the Way of Buddha. Or, again, than the Christians have had in 2,000 years of proselytizing for their Savior. Or the Muslims, in their wish to conquer the whole world for Mohammed.

The nature of man is designed for cultural pluralism. We are becoming increasingly uniform in our science and morals, but increasingly diverse in experience, taste, intellectual opinions, artistic forms, and general ways of living.

Communism itself is in transition on this point. As science and technology revolutionize Communist societies, party commissars are being replaced by scientists, engineers, and factory managers. Politicians cannot run modern industrial plants, and politics is forced into second place as Communist societies become highly technological. Communist societies are to be with us for as far into the future as we can see, but Communist scientists are now asking metaphysical questions; Russian poets and writers are moving beyond Communist dialectical materialism; business men in Communist states are more interested in economic production and merchandising than in party theories; and youth in Russia and its satellites is exhibiting more interest in American jazz and the twist than in the fanatical cell-thinking of Lenin's era or the single-mindedness of Stalin's limited ersuasions.

What would a modern businessman do about competition in a situation such as this?

First, he would concentrate on strengthening his own enterprise, maintaining sound economic policies of expenditure relative to income, and improving his product. This means an affirmative, constructive program on America's part.

Second, he would be concerned with the living conditions of his market. Are the consumers faring well? The potential consumers of the ideas and goods this country is selling are largely the underdeveloped peoples of Latin America, Africa, and Asia. How can their purchasing power be raised? How can they be assured by the rich and the powerful of their countries that there is no truth in the statement, "the masses have nothing to lose but their chains"? If America, co-operating with the United Nations, fails to attend to the well-being of its logical customers, then Castros *will* crop up throughout the new non-aligned nations.

Third, the American businessman would keep in touch with his competitors through trade associations. If a competitor indulged in methods that were against the law of the land or the rules of the industry, he would see that the offender's behavior was arrested. On the international level this means that business sense dictates a need for world law, an effective World Court System, a United Nations safety police force, and regional Common Markets. Meanwhile, this country must be reasonably protected with a national defense force, while avoiding the disintegration of our society by overly burdensome taxes for the military.

Fourth, along with continuing research, training programs, development departments, and merchandising, a progressive business would woo the public interest, tactfully cultivate good will, and educate the people. Advertising is only one form making an impact on the public. Public service programs are another. Support of undertakings for the public good, and for the benefit of competitive enterprise, is still another. Cultivating all possible customers is a business rule that has vast implications for international relations.

In past ages nations sent out soldiers or marauders, peddlers or traders, missionaries or teachers. The peoples to whom they went knew little about them. There were no standards and few guarantees. But now the Telstar satellite, electronic voices, jet travel, modern merchandising, and everyland's tourism have created a science of people-with-people communication. Everybody tends to know about everybody else—what they eat, how they dress, things they make, money they earn, ways they play, ways they work, ways they pray, what they think, what they experience. The American image is vivid in the minds of the whole world. And for the most part it is not ugly. The picture of America is Lincoln and emancipation, Jefferson and human rights, Henry Ford and inexpensive transport, workers earning wages that buy plenty, schools for every child, doctors for every sickness, food for every meal. America is government by consent of the governed, honest tax-paying, incorruptible political officers. America is music, poetry, and Wild-West sagas. America is the Statue of Liberty, the Declaration of Independence, the real Peoples' Revolution, the home of The United Nations. America is the best-known show-window for science and technology, bringing a high standard of living to everybody and fulfilling the dreams of man's spirit.

PEOPLE abroad know our faults and limitations, of course. They know that some of our values are cheap, some of our citizens phony. But we know what America can do to counterbalance this knowledge, and prove that human beings of every nation, race, and religion can live in one union of states, with liberty and justice for all. We know what America can say about the necessity to keep the range between the rich and the poor within reasonable limits, about the worth of every soul, endowed by the Creator with rights to think, speak, publish, and act in accord with one's interpretation of the facts. Let's say these things to the world.

These four business rules cannot result from negative, defense, "shelter" psychology. They flow from confidence, from thinking big, from having a positive mental attitude and a drive-straight-ahead operating dynamism. They justify optimism with regard to our present confusions and man's future needs.

That this is a time of dangerous, turbulent change we all know. That this is a fantastic, wonderfully promising era we all may believe. That world tensions will continue to challenge us, long after the present encounters are solved, we all may assume. Taking the dangers, the promises, and the tensions all together, should everybody get ready for nuclear war? On the contrary. The business outlook for moral growth, national development, human productivity, economic profits, freedom for leisure, and intellectual maturity were never as general as they are at this moment in history. We have the conditions for peace. Our dream now is for a new age of mankind, a new breed of interdependent nations. Let us work to make this dream a reality.

—HARRY A. BULLIS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JUSTICE UNDER LAW

A COMMON MISUNDERSTANDING of the difference to human freedom between rule of law and rule of men was expressed in the letter by Alexis C. Ferm [*SR*, July 21]. Mr. Ferm insists that since laws are not self-implementing and must be interpreted by men who disagree, there never has been "any other rule except of men."

It is true, as Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes once said, that the Constitution of the United States is what the Justices say it is. But this is an essential to rule of law, where men interpret and enforce laws that are made only by consent of the governed.

An important basic characteristic of rule of law is that, although there may be bad interpretations of laws and bad laws, there are the peaceful remedies of judicial appeal and legislative repeal or reformation that produce "justice under law" without cruel human conflict. In free societies under rule of law, wrong decisions generate peaceful corrective action. Under rule of men, wrong decisions lead only to whatever justice, if any, may reside in a tyrant's heart and mind, except, of course, as accumulated injustices inspire a people to overthrow the rule of tions of this grand country.

BYRL A. WHITNEY.

Kensington, Md.

TRAVEL AND HISTORY

HORACE SUTTON'S "July People" [*SR*, Sept. 8] is the kind of article I keep on hand to give to a guest to keep her out of my kitchen while I prepare a luncheon or dinner. And it always works, as the saying goes.

Especially interesting are the historical notes. The trips he is making in our country now are to my way of thinking the very best thing to inform those who have never been taught about the early years in the Northeast and Atlantic sections of this grand country.

MRS. J. W. KESSLER.

Oakland, Calif.

DAMNATIONS

JOHN CIARDI'S DIATRIBE against the young, "Prejudices and Damnations" [*SR*, Sept. 15], amused me, for ever since he started sounding off in *Saturday Review*, I have excused him on the grounds of his youth.

Give yourself a little time, Mr. Ciardi, and you will mellow as the rest of us have done.

DORIS M. COLE.

Syracuse, N.Y.

MR. CIARDI WOULD PERHAPS do well before entertaining us with another mindless discourse on the youth of today to consider the fact that Television, Transistor Radios, Sports Cars, the Mass Media, and most of the other senseless machinery supposedly belonging to this "gold-plated" generation are the result of the perfidious tamperings of *his* generation.

DAVID M. HUBBARD.

Charlottesville, Va.

JOHN CIARDI has bewildered me and made me very angry at numerous times, and he is totally inconsistent. But, when he speaks truth, it is with no forked tongue. In the fewest words I have ever seen, he describes the moral values of the so-called modern generation: "They have no values but their silly group."

REV. THEODORE POPP.

Grafton, Mass.

. . . HE APPARENTLY THINKS there is nothing he or any parent can do about the situation but accept it with a sickly grin. But don't parents really have the upper hand if they *dare* to use it?

MRS. A. A. SINCLAIR.

Highland Park, Mich.

JOHN CIARDI, with whom I am at odds much more often than not, has brought me into his tent, at least momentarily. What he says about our effete youth seems to strike exactly where it hurts, even though I am compelled to remember that anyone past twenty takes a dim view of those younger than he. Cicero found the youth of his day a shambles, too.

ROBERT LABOUR.

Sand Lake, Mich.

. . . IF MR. CIARDI really believes that "youth is muscle and age is thought," he should beware of expressing himself in such a juvenile and unthinking tirade. . . .

DAVID E. JOHNSON.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

MR. CIARDI IS FORGETTING that an awful lot of these sick and puny products of progressive education are honest, hard-working, and respectful of their elders.

The percentage of those who are not is a figure obviously unavailable either to Mr. Ciardi or to anyone else. Perhaps closest to the truth is the fact that among the sit-ins and freedom riders there is a far larger segment of youth than of persons from any other age group.

EUGENE G. EPSTEIN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And in preparing for these seven lean years, your majesty, it just so happens that I have ample grain storage facilities now available for a modest consideration."

EX POST FACTO

MAY I CALL YOUR ATTENTION to three small mistakes in price, title, and publication date in the splendid review by Granville Hicks of "Mark Twain," by Henry Nash Smith [*SR*, Sept. 29]. The price of the book is actually $4.75, not $5.50 as listed. The subtitle is "The Development of a Writer," rather than "The Making of a Writer," and the actual publication date is October 15.

Working from proof instead of finished books, Mr. Hicks would have had no way of making these corrections, but I know they will be of importance to your readers whom he has interested.

MARK SAXTON,
Promotion Manager,
Harvard University Press.

Cambridge, Mass.

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An Adaptor Is an Adaptor

A COMPARISON of Eric Bentley's precise but not humorless adaptation of Brecht's 1924 play "**A Man's a Man**" (now at the Masque Theatre) with Gerhard Nellhaus's softer and more colloquial adaptation of Brecht's 1953 revised "**Man is Man**" (now at the Living Theatre) is less revealing than had been anticipated. Far more important than the quality of the translation is the sort of production two different directors have given the plays. And while John Hancock's more emphatically theatrical staging at the Masque is the clearer and the more satisfactory of the two, it doesn't begin to achieve the sort of results that ex-Berliner Ensemble Director Carl Weber got with "Puntilla" (translated by Nellhaus) at Carnegie Tech last May. Nor does the play, which seems to take much too long to demonstrate that a man's identity can be completely changed to fit the needs of a militaristic society, ever become much more than a lecture on a point about which we don't need to be convinced.

The whole overpublicized contest, which will probably attract large numbers of people to sample both productions, recalls a 1954 interview with Brecht in which he told *Saturday Review* readers that he would like to see his plays done in as many different ways and in as many different translations as possible. The great director-playwright was a pragmatist who understood that his only protection against the accidents of a given production or a given adaptation was to have many instead of few.

At the present time it is the practice for an adaptor to seek, and often get, twenty-eight-year exclusive translation rights to a foreign play, and for a producer to share in revenue from all productions of the work for an eighteen-year period. While the original producer cannot forbid a subsequent Broadway or Off-Broadway production after his own has closed, a second producer cannot offer his investors the possibility of any revenue from subsidiary rights, which makes his project more difficult and, in effect, constitutes an economic deterrent to there being revivals. (Broadway had none last eason.)

The crime here is not that the profit motive is being exercised. After all, even that old Marxist, George Bernard Shaw, maintained that it was a man's duty to make as much money as he could. It is simply that the public is being deprived of its right to pursue the enjoyment of the world's best modern plays.

How could the current practice be changed? A first step would be for the Dramatists' Guild to set up a standard obligatory contract in which no producer could receive royalties from subsequent Broadway, Off-Broadway, summer-theatre, community-theatre, and amateur presentations, or to lease exclusive motion picture or TV rights for more than five years from the closing date of his initial Broadway or Off-Broadway producton. Similarly the adaptor should be permitted his exclusivity for a period of no more than five years.

After that time the adaptor could continue to receive royalties from those who wished to publish or perform his translation, but he would receive nothing from those who preferred to use a new adaptation. The new adaptors would receive royalties for their adaptations, but would not be able to block others from doing their own different versions.

At first glance, such a notion might seem desperately unfair to producers and to adaptors. However, foreign authors would also have to agree to a reduction in royalties during that crucial period when a production is paying off its cost. And the adaptor would simply have to reconcile himself to diminishing his total compensation for a successful six-months adapting job from $50,000 to $35,000, or by about $4,000 after taxes. But if the adaptor were any good, he would find this loss more than compensated for by the availability of more and better plays for him to readapt, just as the more intelligent producers would find themselves able to improve upon many a mediocre initial production by someone else.

Besides refreshing our theatre and permitting the producers to be judged by their taste and their creative insight, instead of by their ability to tie up a property, distort it to suit their own convenience, and then jam it down the public's throat with determined merchandising, it might also allow theatregoers to discover, as have some critics, that a play which seems unexceptional in its first exposure can in a different production become a great and unforgettable evening in one's life.

—HENRY HEWES.

IN NEW YORK'S
THEATRES

5 TONY AWARDS
BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR
EMLYN WILLIAMS
THOMAS GOMEZ
GEORGE ROSE
in ROBERT BOLT'S
CRITICS CIRCLE PRIZE PLAY
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
also starring ALBERT DEKKER
ANTA THEA., 52 St. W. of Broadway Cir 6-6270
Eves. at 8:30: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

"MAGNIFICENT!"—*Chapman, News*
WILLIAM SQUIRE JANET PAVEK
in LERNER & LOEWE'S
CAMELOT
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44 St. W. of Broadway
Eves. at 8:35: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:35

"RICHARD RODGERS IS A MAGICIAN OF THE MUSICAL THEATRE!" — Taubman, Times
NO STRINGS
New Musical Hit Starring
RICHARD KILEY DIAHANN CARROLL
Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book by SAMUEL TAYLOR
BROADHURST THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Eves: 8:30: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

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THE UNITED WAY

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TV AND RADIO

Humor Between Equals

THE NIGHT President Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theatre, the gala Washington audience was laughing at a play about a drawling Yankee in England, "Our American Cousin," by Tom Taylor. Billed as "an eccentric comedy," it was a popular favorite and had been performed at least a thousand times. Ever since then, American and English audiences have been laughing at comedies in which nationals of both countries exchange quips, lampooning respective weaknesses and strengthening common bonds. "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Ghost Goes West," and many others come to mind as examples.

This is humor among equals, a kind of cousinly jesting, and it is difficult to bring off with others outside the family. "Ensign O'Toole," a new NBC comedy series about the Navy, tried a counter-cultural theme in its first episode, and failed because the characters were Japanese stereotypes. They were presented as inferiors—and one can mock but not be gently ironic with inferiors.

On the other hand, "Fair Exchange," a new hour-long comedy series on CBS (Friday nights), tried this kind of humor and brought it off with surprising success in the program's debut recently. An update of the American-cousin-abroad theme, it seizes television's unique advantage in story-telling speed and simultaneously parlays an American in England with an English counterpart in the United States. The parlays are teen-age girls, daughters of World-War-II veterans—the American (Eddie Foy, Jr.) runs a ticket agency here; the Englishman (Victor Maddern) is the proprietor of a bicycle shop in London. The families each take in the other's daughter for a year—Patty wants to study acting at the Royal Academy; Heather to broaden herself in the States.

The television audience's capacity to absorb more teen-age situation comedies has now been demonstrated to be a bottomless pit. We are victims of a holocaust of repetitive juvenilia which apparently will never be ended by the diviners of the public's wants; but, if it must be endured, let it be cushioned with such stuff as "Fair Exchange."

The English and American scenes were intercut in the première episode: from CBS Press Information we learn that two resident companies are shooting concurrently, one in London and one in Hollywood. (This arrangement may actually contribute some margin of discernible difference in the playing styles of the separated groups of actors.) Mr. Foy, an accomplished variety artist, is delightful as the American father—playing everything with a detached air, as if he were kidding the briskly moving story and his own role in it. But the secret of the show's success, the first time out, lay chiefly in the affectionate cross-ribbing of easily recognized national symbols. A trans-atlantic telephone call connects the two families for the final decision to exchange their daughters-in-residence. While the long-distance charges on the American side mount, the mother of the English girl must have her cup of tea before she makes up her mind to let her daughter go. Independence Day finds the two girls swapped, and now the relentless pageantry of July Fourth is playfully winked at. The English girl — in America — can't possibly play Betsy Ross—she has an English accent.

On the other side, it's that old chestnut, the pea-souper, causing silly mistakes in identity. There's the English Army man who learned tolerance in India—a quality easily fractured by a neighbor's trying to get an antique car started. The sight-gags run from the sign YANKEE GO HOME, put up by the English kid brother in his bedroom, which has been pre-empted by the substitute sister, to Roman candles which startle the horse from under an English policeman. The English help Patty celebrate July Fourth away from home—and the American girl, turning the event from incongruity to respect sings "Greensleeves" prettily for the neighborhood group in the London street. This is not farce or slapstick; neither is it sophisticated fun requiring special areas of knowledge in the viewer's background to be appreciated.

The writing in the first show was clever, the cast and direction good. We hope "Fair Exchange" can keep it up. There are plenty of loyalties, ideals, and conventions on both sides of the Atlantic to be examined in broad-beamed humor. Comedy, it has been said, is a form of rational discourse, questioning and exposing absurdities and vices. If "Fair Exchange," created by Cy Howard, can maintain, at its popular entertainment level, the quality of such discourse, it can be useful as well as amusing.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

EX MARKS THE SPOT

Below are defined sixteen words, each of which contains the letters EX side by side (but not necessarily at the beginning of the word). Michael Hayes of Chicago, Illinois, tells us that if you drop the EX in each case, you will get another word, and these words he defines alongside the first definition. (Example: To breathe out is healthy. EXHALE—HALE.) Answers on page 34.

1. A specialist is saucy. _____ _____
2. Dear is thoughtful. _____ _____
3. The new addition is a girl's name. _____ _____
4. Summits are beasts. _____ _____
5. An area is a shelter. _____ _____
6. To obtain by threat is a civil wrong. _____ _____
7. College big shot is a snoop. _____ _____
8. To interpret is a weight. _____ _____
9. A network is something more. _____ _____
10. Bending the elbow is a time of indulgence. _____ _____
11. Resident of this state is brown. _____ _____
12. Enlargement is a strain. _____ _____
13. To denude is to stand for an artist. _____ _____
14. A part of something larger is a religious pamphlet. _____ _____
15. An ancient manuscript is a fish. _____ _____
16. To praise is to announce a funeral. _____ _____

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Next Year's Island

THE ISLES of Greece, which as even every beginning student of geopolitics knows, are under the suzerainty of Elsa Maxwell, have, when appraised singly, a certain temporal eminence, like fresh-cut dahlias, morning glories on the vine, and Miami Beach hotels. Next year's island, if Mlle. Maxwell will permit me an outrageous interference in her internal affairs of state, is almost certain to be Corfu, a fascinating hideaway floating in the northern reaches of the Ionian Sea at the entrance to the Adriatic.

There is, when you get right down to it, nothing new about going to Corfu since Homer, as they like to say, sang of it, the Venetians ruled it for more than 400 years, the French, the Italians, and British all held it at one time, and the Greek royal family have been spending the summer there for years. It was that circumstance that resulted in the birth there of Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, whose father, Prince Andrew of Greece, was the uncle of the present King Paul. The congregation will now read responsively from the Almanach de Gotha.

Unlike the Cyclades and the Dodecanese, the Ionian islands were never under Turkish rule. Having spent all that time under Western influence, particularly the years from 1815 to 1864 when they were under British protection, Corfu is said to exude a certain Western air that one does not readily find among the droplets adrift in the Aegean. I must say the finite difference was not particularly apparent to me when I landed there the other sun-baked somnolent Sunday afternoon. Anyone whose duty did not demand his presence was off in the shade of his house asleep, and I rode through the empty streets to the Corfu Palace in solitary sunlight. The afternoon was too good to sleep away, whatever the local custom may be, and I hired a car and rode down to the Miramare Beach Hotel to have a swim. I had the driver take the inland route so that I could look at Achillaeum, the castle which was built for the Empress of Austria, a lady who met an ignominous end at the hands of a madman at Montreux. The title to her hilltop mansion passed to Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, who came here in the quiet years before World War I, and particularly enjoyed crossing the island to Pelekas on the western side, where, from his favorite belvedere, he could watch the sun drop into the sea.

Achillaeum is now in the hands of another German, Baron Hartmann von Richthofen, who has managed to find the intricate passage through officialdom and secure the right to run a gambling casino in the celebrated villa. The whole place is being refurbished, and is supposed to open in December. The winter is mild enough in Corfu, but it is not exactly balmy, and December is the dead of the season. Still the lure of the cards and the wheels is expected to attract the sporting types of many countries. Corfu, after all, is only forty-five minutes by air from Brindisi, the Italian city in the heel of the boot, to which it is also connected by car ferry and steamship. Both boats, incidentally, must negotiate the passage where the distance between the northern bulge of Corfu and Communist (Stalin-Communist at that) Albania narrows to a scant mile. Then there is the boat, in the felicitous season from May to November, that steams down from Venice, and the ships and planes from Greece itself, both from the nearby mainland of Igoumenitsa and from Athens, eighteen hours away by sea and an hour and forty minutes by air.

With all these routes of access it is surprising to me that the seasoned American island and hotel seekers had not yet uncovered such a handsome, compelling, and reasonable retreat. The Miramare, which I came upon after a rather harrowing taxi ride conducted entirely in Greek and using a set of rules of the road that were scarcely more comprehensible, is about as peaceful a dell as I have found in some time. The beach stretches along the Bay of Corfu for 600 yards or so, facing the Greek mainland in the hazy distance, and the cottages, nestling against a grove of olive trees, are sprinkled along its length. It is scarcely more than a dozen steps, each marked by a flagstone, from any cottage into the placid sea, and some of the villas have an intricate system of doors that fold together to make a solarium. The dining tables are set up in the glow of evening on a terrace by the sea's edge, and, there being little else to do at night here in the country, a band is employed for dancing. The crowd, when I was there, was largely English and French, and they were paying the equivalent of $8.50 a day with meals included.

A regular bus service operates between the Miramare and the Corfu Palace, and after a swim in the warm buoyant waters and an idle hour watching

—H.S.

A corner in Corfu—at the monastery high above the playground of Paleokastritsa.

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the red rowboats with their flat canvas tops slide by, I boarded one, rather regretfully, I must admit, for the ride back to town. Daylight was on the wane, and here and there at the cafes along the seaside, the dawdlers were sitting over a glass watching the caïques, like mother ducks, pulling a string of fishing boats into the deep water. The night fishing operation by which the fish are lured from the bottom by lights was about to begin.

The streets, so barren when I had come earlier in the afternoon, were by now a frenzy of activity. I got out at the hotel and walked up the hill toward the twin peaks which the Venetians in their time had crowned with a pair of forts. The children, up from their long afternoon naps, were bouncing around the broad public park, and pushcarts, with glowing gas lanterns, were lined up side by side, offering ice cream, peanuts, pistachios, and cheap toys. Cafes spread their tables across the public real estate in front of the long row of colonnaded streets. I was assured that the parade of stone arches, with a lamp hanging from each keystone, were copied from the Rue de Rivoli, but they reminded me more of St. Mark's Square in Venice. In the narrow alleys of the old town where the streets are scattered with pebbles and no cars are allowed, Oriental music slithered off the crowded walls and the air was full of the pleasant smoke from broiling skewers of meat. The store windows were filled with big dolls in fancy Corfu dress, and the confectionery shops offered kumquats, an island speciality, which in the transliteration from the Greek emerged in English signs as *koym-koyat*. Through an open doorway, now and then, one could glimpse an icon and inhale the incense while the bearded Greek priests conducted a Sunday night service in the small churches.

I walked back to the hotel which, Swiss-owned and managed, is insulated, as good hotels should be, from the traffic of the streets. The bed was turned down and the view from the windows swept across the bay where the night fishermen were fireflies on the water. Dinner was served with elegance on the terrace downstairs while an imported German with a Weber and Fields accent diddled *Lieder* on an organ.

Corfu came alive with the sun the next morning. At the Royal Palace which is used for state occasions, the evzones in skirts and pom-pom shoes were changing the guard, and down at the port the great sea-going ferries were slipping past the high prow caïques. As we rolled out into the country, the gnarled olive trunks were everywhere, part of the orchard of three and one-half million trees planted during the Venetian occupation. The ruins of the Venetian's arsenal at Gouvia are still on display.

The best beaches on the island are strung along its west coast, an undeveloped area which still has no roads leading to them. The extreme northern bulge of Corfu has, because of its proximity to Albania, been declared a military zone and is out of bounds to travelers. Despite these restrictions there remains a broad enough assortment of delightful resorts to keep the itinerant lotus sniffer occupied through the entire fair-weather season which stretches from April to November. Probably the most attractive cove of all is Paleokastritsa, where rocky arms hem in the blue-green waters and the visitors float on rubber mattresses, take white canopied *varcas* out to explore the far-off rocky perches, eat lobsters in a reed-shaded arbor, and inhabit the simple tourist pavillion where eight rooms with running water and a sea view rent for little more than $4 a day per person all meals included. The road winds up among the crags, the view becoming more dazzling at each turn. The top is crowned with a whitewashed monastery where the air is heavy with the perfume of serenity, and a lone tourist's room, kept available for travelers, opens to a stunning view of the rocks and the sea.

On the opposite shore, facing Albania, there are modest resorts strung from Dasia to Ipsos. The fishermen, mending their nets in the familiar Mediterranean posture of fishermen, vie for floor space on the narrow flimsy docks with bikini-clad figures down from Europe's northern climes. The Club Mediterranée, a French vacationers' *turnverein* which has encampments in seaside locations around the world, has a retreat on this shore. So for that matter does an unusual hotel called the Castello, built into an old castle in the nearby hills. The Castello's guests come here to bathe, and also to dance away the moonlit nights out of earshot of those who prefer to go to bed early. Before the war the Castello was the summer home of King George II of Greece. Now the baronial splendors are open to travelers who sleep under huge decorated ceilings, breakfast on the cypress-bordered terrace looking at Albania, and have lunch under giant oak trees in the shadow of the fifteenth-century foundations. Figure about $12 a day for two with two meals.

CORFU'S trademark is the view from Kanoni near the city where from the heights one can gaze down on Little Mouse Island with its small Byzantine church hidden in the trees and, in front of it, an island monastery which has now been connected to the mainland by a narrow causeway. The traditional trip is to ride out to the monastery and hire a small canopy-covered *varca* to chug out to Little Mouse. The Greek government operates one of its Xenia class hotels here on the heights, a handsome modern inn with sweeping views of the mainland and of the sea. The air is scented with cypress, and now and then the faraway shouts of swimmers on the rocks below riffle the stillness.

Anyone conditioned to crisp airline efficiency—well, there once was a day, remember?—will find the departure procedures at Corfu somewhat informal. Nobody was bothering to weigh luggage the day I left, and for that matter there was a degree of uncertainty as to just who was going to leave with the plane. The load limit varies according to the captain's estimate of the wind and weather on the flight back to Athens. Olympic Airlines is using old Dakotas on the run, but I am assured a new day will dawn when the new planes are placed on the route.

It was with some relief that I found my place on the plane verified, and in an hour and a half I was back in Athens. I admit, once I was back in the city, that I began to wonder what my rush had been. My doubts were somewhat cushioned once I had arrived in the air-conditioned lobby of the King George Hotel, fitted out as it is like a laird's castle with a Gobelin tapestry, Sèvres vases, and Louis XV furniture. I didn't, I regret to say, have a chance to eat in Tudor Hall, an olde English banquet hall on the roof, for Greek friends spirited me away to Phaleron Bay where, sitting at a restaurant table at the water's very edge, we wiled away a late summer's night dabbling at fried whiting and boiled octopus, sipping *retsina*, and listening to the water lapping at the white hulls of the yachts.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Tribute to Truth

"The Pasternak Affair: Courage of Genius," *by Robert Conquest (Lippincott. 192 pp. $3.95), records events of the novelist's last days and includes some of the official Soviet commentary on him and his work. Harrison E. Salisbury served for a number of years as New York Times correspondent in Russia.*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

IT CAN reasonably be argued that Boris Pasternak is not the most distinguished writer of the twentieth century. The claim of Thomas Mann, perhaps, is superior. It may also be asserted that Pasternak is not the greatest Russian writer of the century. The name of Maxim Gorky may be advanced. And it is even possible to assert that the Soviet era has boasted finer poets—Mayakovsky, for example, or Blok. Yet I think that what Pasternak's distinguished colleague, the great Leningrad poetess Anna Akhmatova, recently said of Pushkin is equally true of the craggy, sensitive man who now lies buried on a hillside at Peredelkino, fifteen miles outside Moscow, just a verst or two from the busy Vnukovo airport.

Mme. Akhmatova, herself a survivor of an oppression as cruel as or crueler than any that was ever visited upon Pasternak, wrote her tribute to Pushkin on the recent 125th anniversary of his death. She recalled how he had been vilified by the tsarist court (much as Pasternak was by the Soviet 'court'). But once the great poet had died, people began to speak of the "Pushkin epoch" or the "Petersburg of Pushkin." Some people became important because they had known Pushkin. "Of the great palaces," wrote Mme. Akhmatova, "it was said: Here Pushkin was. Or here Pushkin was not. And nothing else was interesting about them."

So it is proving to be in the case of Pasternak. Robert Conquest's slender volume is significant only because it is a record of many of the events in the last days of Pasternak's life, and, in the period just after his death, in the lives of persons who had been close to him. It presents no new information about Pasternak, no startling revelations, no profound critical analyses. Yet it is important because it is about Pasternak, and because it brings together in convenient and reliable form much material that otherwise might have been lost among disparate newspaper accounts, traveler's reports, and other ephemeral writings.

It is already apparent both in and outside Russia that everything pertaining to Pasternak is important. His novel, "Dr. Zhivago," may be the major literary event of our times, although there are many foreign critics who feel that it has been overestimated and not a few Russians who agree. Whatever its ultimate critical fate may be, "Dr. Zhivago" and his creator have made a mark on the granite walls of history that will not be erased so long as man values courage, principle, and genius. Argument may rage over almost any facet of Pasternak's work and career, but there can be no argument about Pasternak the symbol. This is what Mr. Conquest, himself both a poet and a man with a sensitive understanding of the new and the old Russia, makes clear in his little book.

—*Pix.*

Boris Pasternak—"testimony . . . of the validity of the Russian enlightenment."

Pasternak's life and achievements are testimony to the world and to his own people of the validity of the Russian enlightenment, of that passionate and sincere dedication to the truth and to the search for verities that swept up a whole century of Russian youth. There were many people outside Russia who felt that the flame had gone out, that the spark that had burned in the breasts of Pushkin, Lermontov, Chernyshevsky, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Chekhov, Gorky, Blok, Mayakovsky, Essenin, and all the others had been extinguished during forty-five harsh years of "Socialist realism." But Pasternak proved, if it needed proving once again, that man's spirit is impervious to the most crushing burdens. And a whole new generation of young Soviet writers has sprung up, like mushrooms in a pine forest after rain, to prove that the Russian soil still nourishes the thirst for truth and the search for a new and better goal.

In their immemorial way, the menders and weavers of Soviet literary historiography are busy creating a place for Pasternak in the Soviet cosmos. Mr. Conquest's useful report, which includes the texts of such odious examples of Communist vilification as Vladimir Semichastny's attack on Pasternak (made in Khrushchev's presence), the resolution of the Union of Soviet Writers (from which most responsible Soviet men of letters ostentatiously withheld their votes) expelling Pasternak, and the tragic letter from Pasternak to Khrushchev pleading that he not be exiled from his native land, will long serve to keep the record straight, so that, regardless of future fabrications and suppressions, we may remember precisely which members of Soviet society blackened themselves beyond redemption in the Pasternak affair.

LADY FROLICK AND LADY PENSEROSO: The letters which seventeen-year-old Ellen Tucker wrote to the young clergyman of twenty-five to whom she was engaged were not meant for any eyes except his. Yet most people will find glad satisfaction in reading **"One First Love: The Letters of Ellen Louisa Tucker to Ralph Waldo Emerson,"** edited by Edith W. Gregg (Belknap Press, Harvard, $4), and will wish that his to her had survived also, because "I wonder much," she said, "if ever engaged Miss received such love letters as I do." Because of them, she was "favored," she thought, "among women."

But theirs was to be an ill-starred

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romance, for she died hardly more than two years later, a victim of tuberculosis, as Emerson's father had been and two of his brothers would be. During much of the time he knew her she was an invalid, a doomed sufferer, he said, "from the warfare between the force and delicacy of her soul and the weakness of her frame." He confessed himself almost happy when death released her from pain, "she who outshone all beauty, yet knew not/That she was beautiful." The memory of her charm never left him, so that years later, after a second marriage and just before the birth of a daughter who would be named Ellen, he could recall her "beauty and love and life." Watching her die had been "like seeing an angel go to Heaven."

The thirty-eight love letters which for years had been thought too personal for publication are now presented for the first time by Emerson's great-granddaughter, in order that Ellen Tucker may "speak for herself through them" about one of the great love stories of New England. Nine other letters are included, written after her marriage, and a playful, versified journal which she and her husband wrote alternately when, in the one spring they spent together, they traveled South for her health. Added to these are her poems, eighteen of them, written with more tenderness than skill, but "very sweet," said her husband, "and on the way to all high merits and yet as easy as breathing to her who wrote."

It is not in her poetry, however, that Ellen Tucker speaks for herself most clearly. "God has given me a harp," she explained, "and the strings I believe are sound and sweet, but the part which holds them, the bridge, the fretts, are weak and wasting." It is in the letters, most of them written from her couch, that the courageous spirit is most attractively displayed. When she was grave and read religious books or listened to the "ruthless winds" that, she said, "sweep o'er my heart strings making most melancholy musick," then she called herself "Lady Penseroso"; but when she was gay she called herself "Lady Frolick," and it was this character that she bravely tried to maintain. She wanted "to get my feet out of flannel and away from hot water bottles—and nurse's kind though annoying arm binding me like the supporting hoop of a weak butter tub." She never did, but she remained sportive and tender and valiant, as through these letters she reveals the person whom Emerson cherished so deeply that the whole direction of his life changed when he found "the romance of her presence withdrawn."

—Lewis Leary.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Genius by the Yard

"The Brain Watchers," by Martin L. Gross *(Random House. 304 pp. $4.95), examines the results of the attempt to measure human qualities by mechanical methods. C. Northcote Parkinson's latest book is "In-Laws and Outlaws."*

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THE PERSONALITY Quiz, or the attempt to assess people by questionnaire and depth interview, derives partly from size and wealth, partly from a mechanized way of life, and partly from World War II. In a relatively small community, whether of ancient Athenians or modern Egyptologists, there are few applicants for few posts vacant, and the reputation of candidates was and is pretty well established. The wrong appointment could and can be made, but not as a result of any crucial interview or test. The situation is totally different when a mammoth corporation has to consider 2,000 unknown applicants for twenty vacancies. As its directors live already in a mechanized world of computers, addressographs, and conveyor belts, they feel instinctively that their potential recruits (like their new materials) can be sifted mechanically. Wool, rubber, or cotton can be graded for quality by a rapid and reliable test. It should be possible to do the same with human beings. More than that, it has become essential, the applicants being too numerous to deal with in any other way.

What was no more than a tentative experiment in 1904, a first and unsuccessful mass survey in 1917, became an accepted technique in 1943. With recruits to be numbered by the million, the process of selecting potential officers and technicians could no longer depend upon personal recommendation or background. Not only in the U.S., but in Britain as well, the sheep were separated from the goats by a fairly arbitrary process. In defense of this system it can be said that some mechanical cream-separator *had* to be used and that the method adopted may not have been much worse than any other. It must also be recalled that further selection—at least in combat units—would depend upon the far more effective test of active service. By the end of World War II, it was generally believed that potential leaders could be scientifically chosen and that the system used in the forces could be adapted to suit the purposes of industry and commerce. The fallacy of the argument became almost immediately apparent in Britain, but is only now being realized in the U.S. America's slowness over this must be attributed to the wealth and size of her larger organizations. The cost of the test is (relatively) nothing, and the need for it rests firmly upon the number of the applicants. The personality test *must* be regarded as valid, for no other basis of selection seems even practicable.

Unfortunately, the reality of the demand does not prove the value of what is supplied. In this instance the accepted procedure breaks down at every point. The accepted criteria are demonstrably false. The means of measurement are manifestly inaccurate, and the known results are obviously bad. All this Martin Gross has set out to prove. Nor could any intelligent reader doubt for a moment that his point has been made. In the realm of common sense he leaves his giant opponent dead on the battlefield. The advocates of the Personality Quiz can say nothing effective in reply, for they have said nothing intelligent at any time. In so far as there was ever a serious discussion, Mr. Gross can be said to have ended it. In so far, however, as there is an established circle of Personality Quizzards, the author may scarcely have damaged it. Evils are easier to define than abolish.

BUT while the Quizzards, like their cousins the Educationalizers, will not collapse at a single blast of a trumpet (not even when blown by Admiral Rickover), their dupes are at least publicly ranged among the subnormal. And Mr. Gross has exposed their racket in a book which could hardly be bettered. He combines full knowledge with acute analysis, sound organization, and caustic style. He attacks the system on two grounds: first, that the brain-watching system is a violation of human rights; second, that it fails to isolate the qualities which its practitioners (quite wrongly) suppose to be the best. While his moral point may be generally agreed upon, his practical criticism should have the bigger impact. He points out, for example, that the selection system of the OSS was

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completely unsuccessful in its selection of undercover men:

> By the time the Assessional Branch of the OSS had finished testing 5,391 recruits in the two war years between 1943 and 1945, it had evolved as the most complex and time-consuming personality check ever made in history.

And what was the result?

> Many men judged outstanding did unsatisfactory jobs and vice versa. The correlation between the prediction and performance was a worthless coefficient of .23, while others, like "emotional stability," came out a low .08, approximately the same as if OSS recruits were chosen by the spin of a roulette wheel . . .

The system that survived this revelation, to be applied (it would seem) to the selection of U-2 pilots, will not yield to any ordinary attack. But Mr. Gross's sword point goes thrice to the heart. He describes how he tested the brain-testers. First, he coached a poor candidate for the Edwards Personal Preference—knowing the questions and foreseeing the sort of answer that would be acceptable—and saw his man graded as exceptionally promising. Then he went on to take all the tests himself (eleven of them) and found the results wildly at variance on every point. The author proved to be: ". . . an extroverted hermit, both morose and happy, an unemployable who responds beautifully to corporate life, the average pedestrian soul who stands head-and-ego above the crowd, in a spectacularly adjusted, but highly neurotic way."

The final and fatal thrust comes with the revelation that the efforts to weed out personality risks from the armed forces during World War II was a complete fiasco. Some 1,000,000 men, the equivalent of fifty-five divisions, were discarded as psychologically unsuitable, this being the result of a testing system since shown to be utterly unreliable. On being asked "Could you kill a man?" one recruit is believed to have replied, "Yes, I think so," adding thoughtfully, "but it would take weeks and weeks and weeks . . ." It was on such shaky evidence that the system was made to rest, and the fact of its failure would seem to be a matter of common knowledge.

The significance of the admissions since made about the World War II screenings needs a little emphasis. For the quality the psychologists were attempting to isolate was the one most easily measured: physical courage. Qualities of imagination, integrity, sympathy, and tact are comparatively elusive. But courage can be tested (after a fashion) with a ten-foot wall or some overhead fire. Yet even this simplest test is inconclusive, for it ignores the miracle of leadership. Not only is the individual soldier inexplicably brave on one day and cowardly on the next, but the whole formation's morale can be affected by a change in command. The problem in peace and war is not to choose the best men, but to make the men you have far better than they were known to be before. Asked by his superiors to choose his officers, Lord Nelson is said to have replied, "Choose whom you like!" The story may not be entirely true, but it represents at least what people could believe at the time—that Nelson's presence could raise men above their normal selves.

This is the sort of leadership we need, and this is precisely the quality which the Personality Screen is calculated to exclude. In the world of smooth conformists there is no room, it would seem, for genius. But there *is* room (as Mr. Gross has shown) for the man of unusual ability in one direction. Among the elect of the modern age, the chosen of the professional choosers, the man most highly regarded will be, beyond all question, the Liar.

Culture and the Crowd

"Hells and Benefits," by Benjamin DeMott *(Basic Books. 264 pp. $5.50), surveys the American cultural scene, from Al Capp to the Peace Corps. Henry Popkin is visiting associate professor of English Literature at New York University.*

By HENRY POPKIN

BENJAMIN DEMOTT explores those ambiguous areas where mass culture meets serious culture—not the theatre or films, but the topical revue and the topical comedian; not television, but FCC hearings on television; not the technique or themes of "Li'l Abner," but the personal style its creator shows when he comments on the state of literature; not "Advise and Consent," but the performances given in real life by the reporters and politicians of Washington. Mr. DeMott ranges farther than mass culture, however generously defined, scrutinizing such diverse subjects as university education, the teaching of mathematics, the youth of Lord Tennyson, and the character of John Adams, but the public experience and the public stage are present in every essay. Even the current state of mathematics is examined in the light of a debate between two groups of educators, and, like much else in this book, it becomes, briefly, a personal issue—will defenders of the new school in mathematics find as skilful an exponent as the old school's Professor Kline?

Mr. DeMott is interested in many subjects, and he instructs us on as many. He shows a sure hand with the

Poet at Work

By Eric Barker

WHAT holds him to his groove
Is what he feels the words will say
When he unlocks their meaning:
Fertility of wombs! A girl could rise
And thank him for the glory
Of her breathing; a beast
Could spring; a single bird
With that one song
That's always worth the hearing
Lift up his head in sheer mad glad surprise!
They're there for every damned and lovely thing
He loves for growing through his mood. Whatever:
Woman, tree, bird, beast, stone, flower,
Will keep his head down till their language tells
Without equivocation what they are
And gives his poem their special voice for speaking.

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horrible example, *e.g.*, Al Capp getting a cheap laugh at the expense of Boris Pasternak, or presumably responsible adults encouraging teen-agers to canonize their semiliteracy and call it book-reviewing. The hand becomes less steady when Mr. DeMott points to the principles that he hopes to recommend to us. He utterly rejects self-pity, self-contempt, self-deceit, self-hatred, all of which he finds abundantly represented on the current scene; but, when he starts to tell us what he wants, he remembers "the vaguely positive maundering of Luce-ite editorials" and, embarrassed, he falls silent. His values are best expressed in such concrete symbols of personal commitment as the Peace Corps and the young Tennyson's participation in a Spanish rebellion.

Interpreted or not, Mr. DeMott's call to heroism produces arbitrary demands that occasionally find an alarming application. I question the criterion that compels him to praise Saul Bellow's "Looking for Mr. Green" at the expense of Bellow's extraordinary "Seize the Day." And if the only example of Bernard Malamud's fiction that suits Mr. DeMott's thesis about Jewish-American literature is the sugary fairy tale "Lady of the Lake," then perhaps the thesis is at fault. The worst example of the protruding thesis occurs when the author anatomizes the Off-Broadway revue "The Premise." In one of the skits, a neurotic girl plays chess with a stranger in the park; misapplying the principles she has picked up from her psychoanalyst, she acts out her private hostilities, invents her own rules for the game, and drives the other player into frenzy. Obviously, "The Premise" is satirizing a common New York type, the girl-in-analysis who makes public issues of her private problems. Surely everyone who lives in Manhattan has at least one acquaintance who, on hearing of any disinterested, decent act, raps out the ineluctable comment: "Guilt complex!" But Mr. DeMott lives in Amherst, Massachusetts, and he thinks the audience is laughing "at wisdom itself—the few bare shards of human knowledge about the tensions between society and self." Must "The Premise" throw in a wise psychoanalyst to establish the purity of its intentions? Mr. DeMott knows better.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. expert, pert. 2. expensive, pensive. 3. annex, Ann. 4. apexes, apes. 5. extent, tent. 6. extort, tort. 7. prexy, pry. 8. expound, pound. 9. plexus, plus. 10. flexing, fling. 11. Texan, tan. 12. extension, tension. 13. expose, pose. 14. extract, tract. 15. codex, cod. 16. extoll, toll.

FICTION

Of Sex and Song

Rodolfo Celletti—"an amazing flair."

"Marta," by Rodolfo Celletti, *translated from the Italian by Raymond Rosenthal (Braziller. 410 pp. $4.95), introduces a varied collection of hedonists who have a lust for life but no sense of its meaning. Sergio Pacifici is professor of Romance languages at Yale.*

By SERGIO PACIFICI

THE FORTY-SEVEN-year-old author of "Marta" (published in Italy under the title *"Viale Bianca Maria")* is an executive officer of Motta, the well known candy and cake manufacturer. A Roman by birth and a long-time resident of cosmopolitan Milan, Celletti began writing this first novel in 1956, when he was forced to spend four months in bed with a severe case of phlebitis. His own personal experiences as habitué of Via Veneto cafés in the Thirties and his professional interest in music enabled him to recreate, with an amazing flair, a thoroughly believable *milieu* of singers, artists, politicians, and businessmen.

Set partly in Rome and partly in Milan, "Marta" has no developed plot. Its hero is the narrator Giulio, a journalist and music critic and in a sense Celletti's mouthpiece, who introduces us to a clan of friends. Through frequent excursions into the past he describes their personalities and their relationships with one another, illuminating the ways in which they have changed over the years. The characters constitute a strange and unorthodox lot indeed: aside from Giulio, there is Lorenzo Gabrielli, a famous tenor on the decline; his wife Agnese, herself a fine soprano; a movie and stage director; a Communist intellectual (no contemporary Italian novel can afford to be without one); a building contractor; a fascinating American movie star, Blanche Althouse, and her husband; and an imposing array of beautiful, bored, sex-starved women who, at one time or another, have been wives or mistresses of one or more of the male members of the clan.

It is easy to understand, once we have reached the description of a wild party held in a secluded villa, why Italian readers should have been so receptive to the book as to turn it into a dazzling literary success. Its decisively middlebrow tone, its occasional frank language, its sloppy style, its erotic episodes, and its frequent allusions to real people and real scandals that have rocked the recent Italian scene make "Marta" an enticing and highly readable work. Despite its superficiality, however, it ought not to be lightly dismissed. Possibly it represents one of the most effective specimens of the kind of fiction being written by Italians who hold that the literary canvas must be broadened to include social classes and experiences heretofore slighted by neo-realist novelists. Moreover, the real significance of "Marta" may ultimately be found in its attempt to dramatize the situation of a society that finds itself at the same time witnessing and participating in that great process of erosion of traditional values that is the stuff of modern drama.

IF Celletti shows himself only seldom capable of rising to the demands of his ambitious theme, the secret of his failure is traceable neither to an ignorance nor to an unawareness of his society. On the contrary, he can describe its foibles and its fanatical dedication to the *dolce vita* with the kind of authoritative knowledge that comes from a sustained exposure to people who have a lust for life but no real conception of its meaning or tragedy. The real trouble seems to be that Celletti describes his characters without really knowing, as a true artist

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must know, the secret springs of motivation, the intricate web of aspirations, feelings, and yearnings that contribute to making men fascinating and puzzling creatures.

Ironically enough, the most honest judgment in the novel is made by Marta's sister, Magda, who tells Giulio: "Perhaps you intended to say something very profound . . . but you haven't been very clear. In fact, I'd say you've been rather misty. You ought to think the concept over again, and once you've found a better form for it, come back and resume the discourse." It would be a great pity if Celletti, a clever and promising writer if there is one, should fail to take that piece of advice to heart.

A DAY BY THE RIVER: Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio is one of the younger Spanish writers, whose earlier work, "*Industrias y Andanzas de Alfanhui*," a fantasy somewhat in the manner of "Pinocchio," was well received. His new book, **"The One Day of the Week"** (Abelard-Schuman, $4.95), pleasantly written and well translated by J. M. Cohen, falls into the category of the "static" novel that abounds today in all languages. Nothing of major significance

(*Continued on page* 38)

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1002

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1002 will be found in the next issue.

BQ M AFJOV – AZKVA SFKGN, VFZ YMQ LP ATM-QCEZG BE VFZK FSQ GBEP BO KBHTA OBNP ZJ.

MQFG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1001

He who is only wise leads a sad life.

—VOLTAIRE.

WANTED

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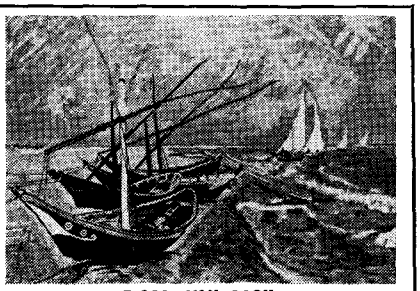

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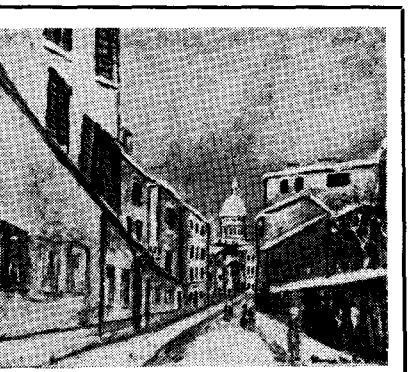

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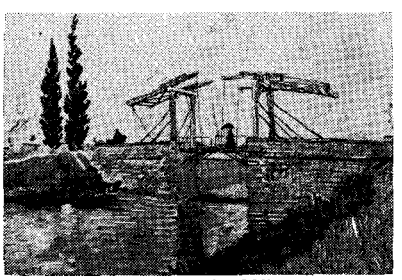

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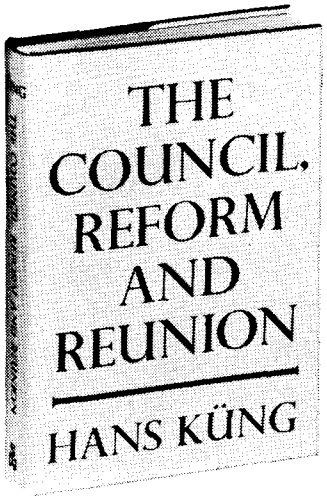

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Continued from page 35

happens; we leave the characters much as we found them. A group of young people come out from Madrid one Sunday to spend the day in the country. They sit about drinking, eating, swimming, all to the accompaniment of an incessant flow of adolescent chatter: the qualities of their respective motorcycles, how nice it would be to win the lottery and take a trip somewhere, what a gorgeous eyeful Marilyn Monroe is. And at a country inn nearby older people foregather to do much the same as the youngsters, except that their talk deals with humdrum realities rather than with hopes and dreams.

All this might seem over-artless, except for the fact that the spot chosen for the outing is a meadow beside the Jarama River, and it is this that lends the work its artistic tension. (In Spanish the title of the book is "*El Jarama.*") This is a river to be reckoned with. On its banks the Veragua bulls, aristocrats of the ring, are raised. And it was on the Jarama that one of the major battles of the Spanish Civil War was fought. To the postwar generation this is but a vague memory: "There were plenty of corpses in this river, they say, during the war." "To think that this was the front . . . and all those men were killed!" It is no great surprise that in the end the river should claim as its toll the life of one of the girls.

—Harriet de Onis.

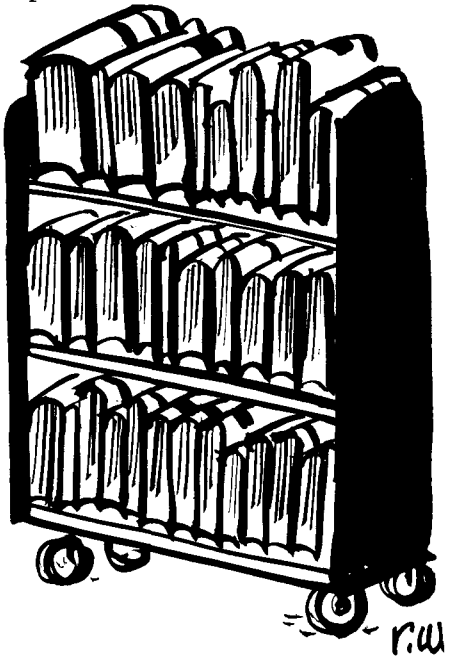
AN UNCERTAIN SMILE: The note about Bruce Jay Friedman on the jacket of "**Stern**" (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) tells us that he attended DeWitt Clinton High School, where he was voted second funniest fellow in the senior class. After reading the book, I can imagine myself as having cast a vote with the majority of the class. The novel is an odd, whimsical descant, complicated by pathos, on the old theme of anti-Semitism. There is certainly enough wit and charm to make us attend to the story, but it leaves us smiling uncertainly at the joke. Contemporary literature has accustomed us to that vaguely defined zone between pathos and comedy, the zone of the absurd. Friedman, however, has not made himself master of the territory, and the result is a little trying. He is elusive without sufficiently inviting our curiosity.

The hero is a complicated fellow both in character and circumstance, with "pale wide hips," a wife who is called a kike and struck by an anti-Semite, a "flowering" ulcer, a lonely son who sucks blankets, an alcoholic mother, and a motley assortment of fears and vibrations. Since Stern is incapable of action, the novel is mostly about his fantasies, which are generally violent with Stern as victimizer or victim. Friedman tries hard to avoid solemnity (though he can't resist sentimentality on several occasions), and the fantasies frequently turn into jokes of the erotic, intestinal, or anal variety. The characterization is often incisive: "Stern, who felt he'd married prematurely, now prowled tormentedly after women on his tours about the globe, keeping mental track of every loveless caress, every conversation, every female contact, as though only when he'd grabbed a certain number of breasts, stroked a certain number of thighs, racked up a magic number of sleepings would he be able to relax and be married."

The persons and scenes in the home where Stern recovers from his ulcer are the best things in the novel, inventive and amusing. Some of the other portrayals are done weakly, perfunctorily. The wife, for instance, is presented repeatedly as long-nosed and wide-eyed, as if the simple act of reiteration is enough to establish character.

Friedman's trouble, I think, is that his attitude and manner immediately arouse expectation of continuous wit and wildness, both in fantasy and in expression, But, despite some extraordinary situations, the execution is strangely timid and thin. Nor has Friedman avoided conventionality in his treatment of Jewish life and "Jewishness" in the evocation of Stern's childhood.

Having said all these hard things, I would make for Friedman the claim that one makes for interesting novelists—that something is happening in his imagination, something still subterranean and secret. If and when it comes to the surface, the result may be quite impressive. —Eugene Goodheart.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Falla's "Atlantida," Barber's Concerto

THE AMERICAN première of a major work by a master of this century and Ernest Ansermet's debut as a conductor with the Metropolitan Opera provided a proper climax to the week-long inauguration of Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center. Long awaited, even longer deferred (Ernesto Halffter took nearly as long to complete and edit it as Manuel de Falla, who died in 1946, took to create it), "Atlantida" is a work of fervent imaginative power which will take the world some time to absorb.

Or rather, the description should be applied to as much of "Atlantida" as was heard on this occasion. These are categorized as Parts I and III, which would suggest that something more than half of the work was performed. But these together amount to about 175 of the piano score's 340-odd pages, and there were more than small omissions in the parts that *were* played. Why, if the evening could begin with "El Amor Brujo" (with Jean Madeira as the forthright, warm-voiced vocalist), was there not more of "Atlantida" instead? Probably because the opera orchestra had only reassembled for its season's work the week before, and preparation of the longer part with its numerous vocalists was a physical impossibility.

It was, in a way, welcome that the point of aural departure was familiar Falla, for it made more graphic the discovery that "Atlantida" is light years away from the kind of writing and thinking which enabled Falla to carve his own small niche on music's roll of honor. To encompass the verbal content of Jacinto Verdaguer's epic (which traces Spanish folk lore and myth from the creation of the Pyrenees to the separation of Gibraltar from Africa and the submersion of Atlantida, to the departure of Columbus on his celebrated journey), Falla has invented an idiom which is part liturgical, part pagan, and almost always inimitably his own. Some pages of scene setting and story telling in Part I are a shade prosaic, but the work has the singular, nay, the indispensable merit of achieving not merely a conclusion but a climax at the place where it should come—at the very end.

A creation of Falla's last years, spent in self-willed exile in Argentina, "Atlantida" bears the marks of mastery in leaving an afterglow not of effect but of expression. An act of piety as much as of aesthetics, it embodies Falla's gratitude for the power granted him to produce so much beautiful music, as an architect might consecrate the final phase of his life to the construction of a cathedral. There are, in the beginning, suggestions of Debussy (who gave a strong impulse to Falla's career in Paris) and later some suggestions of Bach, together with the crawling bass lines and clashing chromatics of his own ballet writing, not to mention a swelling theme that could be the "main title" music of an epic film. Taken together, however, they rise above allusion or reminiscence to a musical communication as rare in its artistic facture as it is pure in its emotional motivation.

IN a week that has seen some mighty ponderings on the advantages and disadvantages (acoustically) of Philharmonic Hall as it is presently arranged, the remarkable thing about the performance of "Atlantida" was how well the orchestra and especially the chorus of the Metropolitan sounded. Initial credit goes to Ansermet for his mature skill in getting musicians to perform as he wants them to sound, but it also reflects the burden under which they commonly perform on the muffling stage or in the oblong orchestra pit of the Metropolitan.

Of the vocalists, first honors were earned by George London, powerful, assured, and also intelligible (an English text was used). Eileen Farrell did ably what she had to do (in the parts heard, not too much) as did Miss Madeira. What is in order now, obviously, is a full-length performance of "Atlantida" with exactly the same participants, plus those required for Part II. As the Metropolitan has the human resources and Lincoln Center the financial, it should not be too hard to arrange.

Earlier in the sequence of trial runs with which the hall has been, so to speak, "commissioned," Erich Leinsdorf made an appearance with the Boston Symphony for the first time in New York as its music director and had a successful evening in Beethoven's "Eroica" and the new piano concerto of Samuel Barber; Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra made a splendid splash of sonority in Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 3 with Van Cliburn as piano soloist and Copland's "Lincoln Portrait" in which Adlai Stevenson was the narrator; and George Szell gave an extraordinary demonstration of communion between men and maestro in the Cleveland Orchestra's playing of the Schubert C major and with Isaac Stern as soloist in the Brahms violin concerto.

Each of these men approached the task in hand—namely, how to solve the riddles posed by the hall's "Period of Adustment"—with a responsive degree of professionalism. To enhance the bass sound—obviously the major problem to be solved in orienting the hall's reflexes to the needs of a wide range of music—Leinsdorf had his lowest strings on high risers, Ormandy and Szell theirs on somewhat lower ones. Ormandy turned up the power of his strings a notch; Szell reduced his other elements in proportion. Each sought to achieve, through balance and proportion, the mean of values which the works in hand required, and each was to a substantial degree, successful. Curiously, there were the most complaints when Leonard Bernstein and the Philharmonic itself were the tenants—a strange condition to afflict the organization for which the hall was built, but acutely reflective of the values involved.

Among the other new works of the week, there was the most music to these ears in Barber's piano concerto, written on a commission from the Boston Symphony and soundly performed by John Browning. There is no doubt that Barber has achieved the far from inconsiderable feat of adding a playable concerto to the pianist's repertory.

Even more, in the deeply felt, warmly colored "Canzona" (as his slow movement is called), he has added a memorable work of the imagination to that special bracket of eloquence which includes his Adagio for orchestra and the best moments of "Vanessa." I had a more positive reaction to the last movement than I did to the first, but the latter's plan and purpose may be clearer the next time around.

Also new were Walter Piston's bustling "Lincoln Center Festival Overture" (a kind of non-academic "Festival" overture) on the Philadelphia evening, and Alvin Etler's Concerto for Orchestra directed by Szell. A derivative, philosophically if not substantively, of Bartók's "Concerto for Orchestra," it qualifies Etler as a man who knows his orchestra—especially as "his" orchestra happens to be the Cleveland—and his musical mind. There was a considerable agreement (in the reports I read) on the value of Schuman's "Song of Orpheus" with Leonard Rose as solo cellist in a concert by the Juilliard Orchestra under the direction of Jean Morel. That was my evening for retrospect, recovery, and regrouping.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Paul Desmond: The Illustrious Sideman

By JOE GOLDBERG

UNFASHIONABLE is a word that crops up with great frequency in Paul Desmond's conversation. "I was unfashionable," the alto saxophonist says, "before anyone knew who I was." Today, everyone has known who he is for quite a while. He is the other solo voice of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, which is the most maligned, and possibly the most affluent small group in jazz. As such he is in an almost unique position. He has been a sideman in the same group for over ten years, although he could undoubtedly lead his own successful combo whenever he wished. He is greatly admired by several musicians, critics, and fans who have little or no use for other members of the ensemble. And he is highly aware of his situation.

Unlike most jazz musicians, he is an intellectual. As much of his energy as he devotes to his music is consumed in living the gracious, if somewhat lonely, life. The theatre, foreign films, ballet, good books, and good food count for much with him, and his friends are likely to be well known in areas of show business other than his own. A diffidently epigrammatic conversationalist whose acquaintances pass his casual remarks back and forth as if they were suppressed literature, he has all the qualifications for the perfect extra man at a dinner party, and only two essential differences: he doesn't bother with details like pressed pants and shined shoes, and he is an exceptionally gifted musician.

It is a gift that has long been overlooked or taken for granted, for several reasons. One of them, as Desmond puts it, is that "I'm not hostile enough to be currently acceptable." And, indeed, in a period characterized by musical anger, his essentially melodic, lyrical talent is as unlikely to find favor as the delicate tone which complements it so well. Also, the Dave Brubeck Quartet has so long been summarily dismissed by most people involved with jazz that very few of them any longer give themselves the opportunity to hear Desmond play. And he is white ("the real underground," in his phrase), which, in his profession, doesn't necessarily help. As successful as he is he pay dues, which are no less costly for being of a different nature than those of his colleagues.

Desmond was born Paul Emil Breitenfeld on November 25, 1924, in San Francisco. His father was a musician, accompanying vaudeville acts and silent movies. When his mother was taken seriously ill, he went to live with relatives in New Rochelle, New York. Moderately interested in music, he took the mandatory courses, but nothing more. It was not until 1936, when he was going to high school back in San Francisco, that he began to study with any seriousness. The instrument he chose was the clarinet. "'I was a real clarinetnik," he says. "I could play entire Artie Shaw choruses." His teacher was a pit-band associate of his father's, and Desmond found himself being steered toward that kind of music ("I could have become another Al Gallodoro"). Except for that and an elementary course in music theory, he never had any formal training, and attributes such knowledge as he does have to "looking over the shoulders of piano players."

The shoulder he has looked over for most of his professional life belongs to Dave Brubeck, whom he met in 1943 through a mutual friend, Dave Van Kreidt. Tenor saxophonist Van Kreidt and Desmond had both been in the reed section of an Army band stationed in San Francisco ("It was a great way to spend the war"), and one night Van Kreidt's friend Brubeck, also in the Army, played a session with them. Desmond, whose conversation is made up of equal parts of Holden Caulfield, Mort Sahl, and James Joyce, is pleased to relate his initial confrontation with Brubeck as follows: "I went up to him and said, 'Man, like Wigsville! You really grooved me with those nutty changes.'" If that were actually what was said, it would be a partial explanation for the fact that the two men didn't see one another again for four years.

When they finally did meet, they began working together, but the jobs were, at best, sporadic. A Brubeck Octet was able to get only two days of work in 1949, and so disbanded. One more date playing a wedding accounted for all of Desmond's musical money that year, and when he was offered a job with Jack Fina, who had become so popular playing "concertos" with Freddy Martin that he had formed his own band,

Paul Desmond—"He is an exceptionally gifted musician."

Desmond took it. He hoped to get to New York with Fina and then leave but found to his dismay that most of the musicians he talked to in New York wanted *his* job.

Brubeck, in the meantime, was leading a trio in Honolulu and had formed with the Weiss brothers, Fantasy Records. Largely through the help of disc-jockey Jimmy Lyons, he had gotten himself an engagement at an important San Francisco night club, The Blackhawk. He contacted Desmond. Desmond accepted happily, and since the Blackhawk opening night in June, 1951, he has been a member of the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

Desmond says of the fortunes of the group that, "It was timing, and luck, and a lot of very careful planning." It is easy to forget, now that Brubeck has become so famous he can be safely ignored, that the achievements of his quartet have been very considerable. He was, for example, the first leader to discover the financial (and sociologically symbolic) opportunities of the college circuit. It was probably necessary that someone like Brubeck, who is in many ways the antithesis of the stereotyped jazz man, be the one to establish this as a pattern.

Then, as now, the main point of interest was the contrast which the two

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men provide for one another. Brubeck's approach is essentially rhythmic and harmonic; rarely does his solo depend on melody for its impact. Desmond, on the other hand, is one of the supreme creators of original improvised melody in jazz. He can create an exquisite melody without seeming to try, carrying long, logical lines (of sometimes chilly perfection) past the point where other musicians would falter. He is all delicacy and subtlety, playing endlessly fascinating and intricate figures. He depends a great deal on facility and a rare sense of how one song is related to another (he loves to quote, musically, which he does with great humor). From the time of his first recordings, he could play anything on his horn that anyone else could, and many things that no one else would even attempt. (Brubeck has said that Desmond used to have another octave in range until he explained to someone how he did it and, in figuring out the technique, lost the ability.) When one stops to consider that what he plays comes from a relatively unschooled musician, it is rather surprising. Not surprising, though, is the answer Desmond gives to questions about his facility: "It's all a fraud."

By 1954, when Brubeck got a Columbia recording contract and his picture on the cover of *Time*, (Desmond, whose saxophone was a border decoration for the painting, says, "I've never been on the cover of *Time*, but my horn was. Maybe that's the way it should be."), many people were beginning to cry "Fraud!" about the quartet. Today the situation is such that Desmond says, "Most jazz fans wouldn't be caught dead listening to us any more. But we've picked up a whole new audience. Just people."

Desmond himself has reacted differently at different times to Brubeck's music, and when questioned again on the subject, he laughs. "Ambivalent City," he says. "I think he's great on ballads. Maybe I feel that way because I'm a secret German romantic myself. A lot of people have never heard Dave under the right circumstances. If you catch one set at Basin Street East or Newport, you won't really hear what he does." He pauses for a moment, trying to think of a recorded example, shrugs, and goes on. "He's done some wonderful things with polytonality and has a fantastic harmonic sense. You know, he's not as well schooled on the piano as people think. Things he plays, Chopin and Rachmaninoff, he may never have actually played. His mother is a piano teacher, and he probably heard her play them, but he never played them. . . ."

"We have occasional disagreements, but basically it's been just about an ideal relationship. There's certainly nobody else with whom I would have stuck around all this long."

Brubeck, on the other hand, has called Desmond "the best saxophone player in the world."

Desmond, who can be something of a musical magician, is also possessed of a curious detachment, a disinvolvement that enables him to play as well as he does with his mind, apparently, on something else. This quality translates itself in the minds of some of Desmond's critics into hesitancy and lack of assurance. Rather than hesitancy, the quality seems a perfect musical example of a remark made by Truman Capote in the book "Writers at Work": "My own theory is that the writer should have considered his wit and dried his tears long, long before setting out to invoke similar reactions in a reader. In other words, I believe the greatest intensity in art in all its shapes is achieved with a deliberate, hard and cool head."

This approach sometimes works to Desmond's disadvantage. His average solo is a highly ordered, logical melodic flow of which most other altoists would be incapable on their best nights, and the man playing it sounds and looks as though he might be reading the stock reports at the same time. Before audiences accustomed to having passion signaled for them with physical action, his best work often goes unnoticed.

FANS, though, are somewhat less disenchanted than the critics. Starting in 1955, the year the great alto saxophonist Charlie Parker died, Desmond began to win the *Down Beat* and *Metronome* readers' polls with monotonous regularity, won the *Playboy* poll when it began in 1957, and continued to win them all until 1960 when the vast wave of funk replaced Desmond with one of the most notable of the soul-brothers, Julian "Cannonball" Adderley.

A recent RCA Victor contract again started rumors that Desmond was leaving Brubeck. Whether or not he ever will is an open question. Now, if ever, he feels, would be an excellent time to make the move, because Brubeck has become increasingly more involved with composition, and wishes to perform less frequently. The problem, he feels, is one of having men with whom he can get along personally as well as musically, and it is that rapport with Brubeck which has made him remain so long and be so hesitant to leave now. "Eventually," he says, "it will probably have to happen, if only because of the way Dave's career goes."

"He stays," Brubeck said recently, "because he can't find as much creative freedom anywhere else. If he ever does, he *should* leave." Desmond has any kind of freedom in the quartet, creative or otherwise, that he is willing to take; when he does not get what he wants, it is invariably because he has chosen to walk away rather than fight.

Sometimes, his passive resistance contributes to the personal and musical tensions that exist in the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Since Brubeck hired Morello in 1956, the group has undergone a significant change, one that Brubeck himself is very happy about. "The character of the group changed when Joe Morello became our drummer," Brubeck says. "Before that, I'd never had a rhythm section that allowed me to do what I wanted. Morello is the best drummer in the world for rhythms." Originally, Brubeck had been the star of his own group, but by 1956 most astute listeners were in Desmond's camp. Then, with the advent of Morello, Brubeck began the rhythmic experiments he is so fond of. Morello is a flashy, crowd-pleasing drummer, and he has begun to dominate the situation, particularly before the musically naïve audiences Brubeck often plays to, to the extent that many might think they were watching the Joe Morello Quartet. Desmond's personal diffidence in such matters now sometimes manifests itself as musical diffidence; much of the harsh excitement that was present on the old recordings he no longer listens to is gone. He stands apart from his associates at a concert, both literally and figuratively: they seem part of a friendly gathering from which he has excluded himself. Crowds cheer Morello's tricky stickwork and Brubeck's rhythmic pounding; some of Desmond's most intricate lines get only token appreciation. If he does not always do his best work, there is ample reason.

A typical incident occurred one day in New Jersey, when the quartet played late afternoon and evening concerts at a summer theatre. Morello and Wright were nearly always talking together; Brubeck was taking care of several different details; Desmond was alone. At the end of his final solo of the first concert, he capped his mouthpiece and was out the door before the piece was finished. When Brubeck, having patiently signed autographs afterward, walked into the town's best restaurant, Desmond was nearly finished eating. During the second concert, while Morello was in the midst of a ten-minute drum solo on Desmond's "Take Five," then high on the popularity charts, the composer was seated backstage, reading a paperback collection of Dostoevsky short stories. "It was supposed to be a drum solo," he remarked wearily, "but it wasn't supposed to be a hit record."

These might sound like the actions of a man who is doing exactly what he

(*Continued on page* 45)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Louis Armstrong and Dave Brubeck: "The Real Ambassadors." Armstrong's band; Brubeck's quartet; Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, and Carmen McRae, vocals. Columbia OL 5850, $4.98; stereo OS 2250, $5.98.	An original musical production by Mr. and Mrs. Dave Brubeck, this turns out to be an ambitious vehicle for the talents of that Ambassador Extraordinary, Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong. It celebrates the recognition of jazz by the State Department and dwells with hope and good will on the future benefits to be obtained in cultural exchages. The high spot is the moving and daring conception of "They Say I Look like God," on which Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross essay Gregorian chants and provide a memorable background to Satchmo's sober reflections. There are two good ballads, duets by Armstrong and Carmen McRae, and passages of fine trumpet by the master. His introduction to "King for a Day" is certainly of royal quality. On the debit side are the under-recording of Trummy Young's voice and occasional ponderosities from the rhythm section.
Hank Crawford: "From the Heart." Crawford, alto saxophone; John Hunt, Phil Guilbeau, trumpets; Dave Newman, tenor saxophone; Leroy Cooper, baritone saxophone; Sonny Forrest, guitar; Edgar Willis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums. Atlantic 1387, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Crawford here leads a contingent from the Ray Charles band through nine unpretentious but pleasing performances. On one ("Stoney Lonesome"), there are solos from Phil Guilbeau and Leroy Cooper, but the others resolve into showcases for the leader's alto saxophone, and very neat showcases they are. It is a welcome change to hear such well-prepared and well-executed backgrounds from a small jazz group. Though Crawford shows an unmistakable grasp of "modern" phraseology, he "sings" and wails at these slow and medium tempos in a way which connects directly with an older and warmer tradition.
Johnny Griffin and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: "Tough Tenor Favorites." Griffin and Davis, tenor saxophones; Horace Parlan, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Ben Riley, drums. Jazzland JLP 76, $4.98; stereo $5.98.	Griffin and Davis employ a formula that has been popular ever since Count Basie came East with Lester Young and Herschel Evans in his band. Outwardly they are dueling tenor saxophonists, but the contrast in their styles is such that tension is reduced to the point where one is more conscious of mutual esteem than of rivalry. Davis, for instance, stretches out to advantage on the relaxed tempo of a number like "How Am I to Know," whereas Griffin clearly relishes the high speed of "Ow."
Neal Hefti: "Jazz Pops." Hefti, arranger and conductor, with thirty-piece orchestra. Reprise R-6039, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Hefti's orchestra consists of five trumpets, five trombones, five saxophones, five flutes, four French horns, bass, guitar, drums, vibes, bongos, and, occasionally, conga. His stated aim was simply to produce "a good music album," and he has certainly succeeded. The arrangements are colorful and never overstuffed except for a few bars on "Coral Reef" where the French horns lumber gracelessly. The playing is clean and the recording excellent, but the soloists, apart from Gerald Wilson on "Moanin'," are bland and lacking in personality proportionate to the rich orchestral context.
Ramsey Lewis: "Country Meets the Blues." Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass and cello; Red Holt, drums. Argo LP 701, $4.98.	Obviously inspired by the success of Ray Charles's Country and Western expedition, some of t numbers have sticky strings and girlish voices, but on others the Ramsey Lewis Trio is set before exciting backgrounds of flutes and saxophones arranged by Oliver Nelson. Particularly striking is a version of Willie Dixon's "I Just Want to Make Love to You" on which Eldee Young comes to the fore with his cello. Lewis's piano effectively emphasizes the superiority of the blues no matter how sentimental the climate.
Odetta: "Odetta and the Blues." Odetta, vocals; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Herbie Hall, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; Shep Shepherd, drums. Riverside RLP 417, $4.98; stereo $5.98. "Sometimes I Feel like Cryin'." Same personnel except that Hall is replaced by Buster Bailey and Shepherd by Panama Francis. On some tracks Leonard Gaskin replaces Abdul-Malik, and Tedell Saunders (harmonica) is added. RCA Victor LPM 2573, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	On some of these blues Odetta sounds mean, ragged, and hungry enough to recall singers like Bessie Smith and Rosetta Howard. On others, such as the ludicrous "Empty Pocket Blues," she sounds like an internationally famous "folk artist." The solos and obbligati by Buck Clayton, however, are consistently superb. He plays on every number on the Riverside album and on five on the Victor, and he plays real blues with much feeling and imagination. Also distinctly enjoyable are Dick Wellstood's knowingly sympathetic piano accompaniments and the unleavened humor of Vic Dickenson's trombone commentaries. "Special Delivery" on the Victor is not to be missed.
Reuben Phillips: "Big Bad Band at the Apollo." Phillips, alto saxophone and director; with fourteen-piece band. Ascot 13004 $3.98; stereo 16004, $4.98.	The house band at Harlem's Apollo theatre provides an agreeable surprise with the eleven instrumentals on this record. Six were written by the leader and at least two of them show an awareness of Count Basie and Neal Hefti, but the band has a rugged personality of its own, as well as an enthusiasm rare today. Elmer Crumbley, a veteran of the Jimmie Lunceford orchestra, is outstanding in his plunger-muted trombone solos. "Money" Johnson growls forthrightly on trumpet, too, and there are good solos from Billy Butler, Jimmy Powell, Jesse Drake, Adriano Acea, and Alva McCain.
Billy Taylor: "Impromptu." Taylor, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Mercury MG 20722, $3.98; stereo SR 60722, $4.98.	Billy Taylor never makes a bad record, but this is above his high average. His clean, polished piano style tends to make his most involved passages sound easy, but it does not disguise his firm and infectious beat. The presence of Jim Hall was probably an added fillip, for this is a fresh and rewarding set all the way from the well-titled opener, "Capricious," with its *bossa nova* references, to the closing bars of the last number, "At La Carrousel." Wrapping it up, the pianist doubled on typewriter and sent in a fine set of notes.
Joe Turner: "Jumpin' the Blues." Turner, vocals; Pete Johnson, piano; with accompanying septet and quintet. Arhoolie R 2004, $4.98.	The formidable team of Joe Turner and Pete Johnson return here in reissues of twelve sides recorded on the West Coast during 1948 and 1949. The rocking band on eight of them includes the brothers Art and Addison Farmer. Turner sings superbly in his usual bold and insolent fashion. No other blues singer mixes defiance, joy and, sorrow so adroitly. Johnson, one of the greatest blues pianists, accompanies him expertly and takes off for himself on four boogie-woogie specialities. —S.D.

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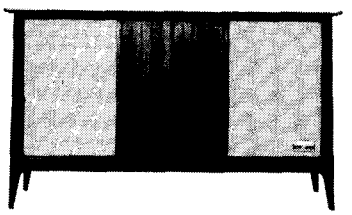

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Rockin' Chair Lady, Barrelhouse Gal

MILDRED Bailey was one of the greatest jazz singers, a legend in her own time, and a witty woman of taste, temperament, and keen appetites. Though her voice was little, she herself was big. Her weight was a burden and a humiliation over which she persistently triumphed.

To understand the artist, it is necessary to understand the woman. Her light, sweet voice was appropriate to the lovely, slender girl she had once been. It had the innocence and invulnerability of a youngster with ideals, and when this quality was brought to lyrics like those of "Squeeze Me," there was a curious but satisfying contradiction. No other singer has had a voice quite like hers. The nearest, that of Helen Humes, is richer and more vital, though it has a similar soaring quality.

Mildred wanted to be the person who went with the voice, regardless of the incompatibility of flesh and spirit. It wasn't success she looked for in the mirror, but the inner person she constantly projected as she sang. Nor was she vain about her small feet and ankles. She was just grateful for them, and she could dance like mad with the wit and mockery of Negro dancers in the 1930s. A compulsive eater, she remained more gourmet than gourmand. Yet, since she was frustrated to a considerable degree in her need for life and love, and in gaining recognition for herself, eating became an instinctive method of consolation. "What's troubling you?" is a question doctors often ask of those—even children—who overeat.

She was gay, however, and very good company. Her highly charged personality, like Dizzy Gillespie's or Louis Armstrong's, stimulated everyone. She had a fine, penetrating sense of the ridiculous, such as many jazzmen have, and her fast wit was often directed at those who stepped on her toes artistically. Always in the vanguard of those perceptive to jazz, she roused musicians and brought out the best in them. Her musical and critical tastes were highly developed and she encouraged what was good; but little that was bad escaped her, and her rages often stemmed from the poor musicianship of others.

She was born Mildred Rinker in Tekoa, Washington, where her mother, who was part Indian, saw to it that she was well acquainted with Indian songs. In later years, she referred to this musical background, and the wide range it required, as being very valuable in her subsequent career. When the family moved to Spokane, she, her three brothers, and a neighbor, Bing Crosby, became very much involved with the jazz of that time and place. She married young, moved to Los Angeles, and was divorced there.

IN 1929, she was hired by Paul Whiteman, largely as a result of the enthusiasm of her brother Al and of Bing Crosby, who were part of Whiteman's vocal trio, the Rhythm Boys. The girl singer with the big jazz group was to become a commonplace in the next decade, but one with an unmistakable jazz sound in an orchestra like Whiteman's was then distinctly novel. Her version of one of Hoagy Carmichael's most famous songs soon won her the title of "Rockin' Chair Lady."

While with Whiteman, she met Red Norvo, a xylophone player. They left the band together and were married in 1934. Two years later, Norvo formed his own big band with Mildred as vocalist. Known as Mr. and Mrs. Swing, they were popular during the hectic years of the Swing Era, but from 1940 onward she worked chiefly as a solo act. Though eventually divorced, they remained good friends until her death in 1951.

Bailey—"a curious but satisfying contradiction."

Continuing the most estimable of jazz reissue programs to date, Columbia has now released a three-volume set of Mildred Bailey's "greatest performances, 1929-1946" (C3L 22). As produced by John Hammond and Frank Driggs, the records admirably illustrate her career and art. They include her first recording, with guitarist Eddie Lang ("What Kind o' Man Is You?"), and one of her last, with pianist Ellis Larkins ("Lover, Come Back to Me").

Some of the earlier material results from the popularity of Negro musical shows in the 1930s, when not a few white songwriters were engaged in composing songs appropriate to Negro singers performing before predominantly white audiences. If some of the lyrics sound inappropriate for Mildred Bailey, it should be remembered that to most recording executives of the period the issue was simple: these were lyrics of jazz songs and she was a jazz singer.

HER acceptance as a jazz singer wa in fact, complete; yet she had the humility to refuse to sing at the same concert as Bessie Smith. Her attitude toward racial problems was always progressive. In her accompaniments, she normally used the best musicians available regardless of color. As early as 1935, she was recording with a thoroughly integrated group and singing at a benefit in aid of the Scottsboro Boys in Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. And musicians still recall with a grin the name of one of her 1939 recording combinations: Mildred Bailey and Her Oxford Greys.

The Oxford Greys were Mary Lou Williams (piano), Floyd Smith (guitar), John Williams (bass), and Eddie Dougherty (drums), and the spare accompaniment they provided was in the best of taste. They gave her the maximum in relaxed support without seeking to draw the limelight upon themselves, and she worked over old numbers like "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "Arkansas Blues," and "You Don't Know My Mind" with joyful craftsmanship.

Another session, made for the British Parlophone company by John Hammond in 1935, was of classic perfection. Her four accompanying "Alley Cats" were Johnny Hodges, Bunny Berigan, Teddy Wilson, and bassist Grachan Moncur. The warmth and rapport in the four performances — "Someday Sweetheart," "Squeeze Me," "Honeysuckle

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Rose," and "Downhearted Blues"—were of a kind seldom attained. The musicians were all clearly inspired; yet she held her own with Hodges, the most lyrical of all jazz soloists.

Many other attractive recordings made with small studio groups are in the collection, among her accompanists being Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry, Benny Goodman, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Herschel Evans, Jo Jones, and Jimmie Crawford. On some numbers, she was accompanied by John Kirby's little band, a group often regarded at the time as too precise and too severely disciplined, but it emerges swinging and fresh-sounding here. Dave Tough's drums underline a marvelous, lightly flowing version of "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water," a song which may well have had a special significance for her. Also intriguing is "Hold On," a performance on which Alec Wilder serves as arranger and director and Mitch Miller plays English horn.

A dozen or more numbers are with big bands. The recording of "Rockin' Chair" included here was made with the orchestra led by her husband, Red Norvo. Underrated by most jazz historians, this was one of the more rewarding combinations of its time. Besides Norvo's sensitive and imaginative xylophone solos, it featured subtly voiced arrangements by one of the trumpet players—Eddie Sauter. Humorous songs like "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing" and "Week End of a Private Secretary" illustrate her verve and versatility as well as public taste two decades ago.

Mildred Bailey and her musical personality were inimitable, and her death was a loss jazz could ill afford. From the public, she never wholly gained the recognition that was her due, but the note by Bing Crosby in the booklet accompanying the records reveals the affectionate esteem she commanded in her profession. However caustically she might speak of the world in which she lived, she had the spirit to rise above it and sing gaily up there like a skylark. Her bitterness, her burden, her cross—they were personal, and everyone in the audience had his own of one kind or another. She recognized the importance of not taking oneself too seriously, and she didn't falter when necessity compelled her to sing some absurd popular song. Though lyrics and melody might be of indisguisable banality, she would still phrase like the true jazz artist she was—and swing.

An epitaph from George Wettling, at one time the drummer in Red Norvo's band, would probably have satisfied her as well as any: "She was a barrelhouse gal, and she had a hell of a beat!"

—Stanley Dance.

Paul Desmond

Continued from page 41

is paid to do and no more, but after the concert Brubeck advanced another theory. "Paul was fighting to say something all night," he said, "but in that one place, when Joe started that conga rhythm, he let it stop him. Every once in a while, though, when he gets stopped, he gets mad, and sort of says, 'I'm Paul Desmond, and the hell with you.' That's when he plays best. He's achieved so much, even if he'd never done anything but not play like Parker, but he's capable of so much more. He could be a composer, he could be a lyricist, he could be a writer, but he doesn't seem to have the ambition."

Unconcern is, at the moment, Desmond's concern. Of his new RCA Victor LP, he says, "There is a hard core of 324 people who will buy any album I put out, and maybe they'll like it." He is resigned to being unfashionable, and seems not to care. At the same time, he has given up other things that once interested him deeply. An excellent amateur photographer, Desmond and his camera were inseparable at one time, and he used to amuse himself at jazz festivals by taking pictures of the people who were taking pictures of *him*. But he has given that up. "It happens," he says. "You see a guy, and he always has a camera around his neck, and then one day he just shows up without the camera." At one time, he wanted to be a writer—that was his major at San Francisco State College—but that, too, has apparently gone by the boards. "You can't say I gave that up, because I never started it." His standard reason for not pursuing a literary career, which his conversation and letters indicate might have been a considerable one, is that "I could only write at the beach, and I kept getting sand in my typewriter." His only professed ambition is to make a record on which he would play successive choruses like Johnny Hodges, Charlie Parker, Cannonball Adderley, and Ornette Coleman.

So, perhaps Desmond will continue to be the "illustrious sideman," as he puts it sardonically, living the urbane bachelor's life that suits him so well, keeping a distance between himself and whatever he might actually feel about his musical and personal situation, and making the music that comes so easily to him. "I will become the Mantovani of 55th Street," he says. "I will make a series of lush string albums and retire into fashionable obscurity." But perhaps he only says that because, as he wrote in the notes for his first Fantasy album, "the uncrafty approach doesn't always get it these days."

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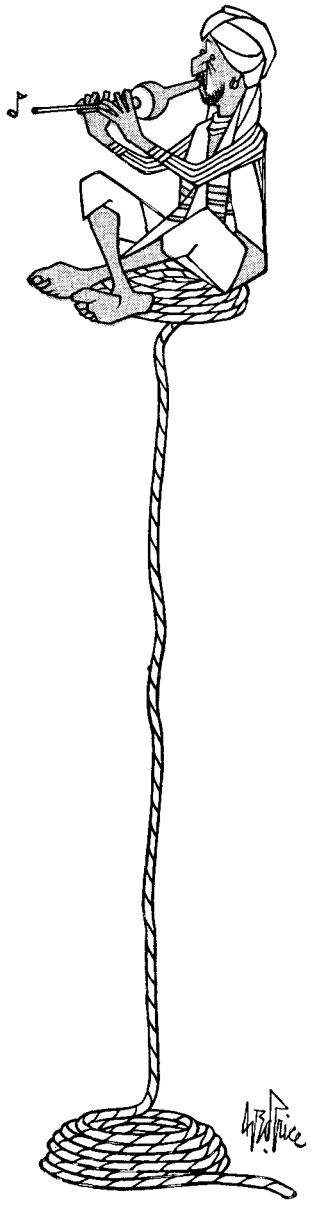

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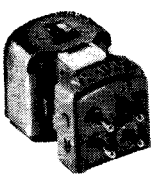

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Where Do We Go from There?

I RECENTLY attended a jam session by a group of young jazz musicians. A saxophonist, who entered late and wanted to join in was forced to ask, "What are you playing?" "Somebody Loves Me," was the reply. It wasn't that the saxophonist was incompetent and could not recognize the structure of so simple and long enduring a piece as "Somebody Loves Me." He is, in fact, a highly accomplished and reputable player. It was simply that, to these young musicians, improvising in a conventional manner strictly to the melody or the chord sequence of "Somebody Loves Me," or almost any other comparable piece, has largely lost its challenge. And by the time the saxophonist arrived they were making their variations, quite ingeniously delightful variations, around a fragment of melody which the first soloist, an able young trumpeter, had come up with during his second chorus, and had then begun to use as his only point of departure.

The same trumpeter often protests that he and his fellow players abandon conventional forms like chorus lengths and strict harmonic patterns "to keep those damn beboppers out of our sessions." What he means, of course, is not that he thinks that he and his fellow players are better than Dizzy Gillespie. The stature and musical message of Gillespie remain intact. But after nearly twenty years, his basic ideas have passed into general use, and its immediate implications have been explored. By now, almost anyone can "run the changes" in a modernist manner. The real challenge now for the youngest players is somehow to expand the basic language—as Gillespie himself had expanded it, and as Louis Armstrong had before.

This post-modernist jazz, fortunately or unfortunately called "the new thing" (but is "the new thing" a more unfortunate term than was "bebop"?), has been in the air for sometime—most of us first heard it as many as five years ago in the startling manner of pianist Cecil Taylor. The striking thing at the moment is that, although it inevitably remains "controversial" in the fan and trade press, and largely unheard by a wider public, the new-thing message is spreading swiftly among the players. "Man, are you kidding? That kind of music is standard at all the sessions nowadays," a teen-age trumpeter told a journalist recently, to the latter's alarm.

Recorded evidence of the spread is "Young Ideas" (Riverside 424/9424), by a Washington group called the "J.F.K. Quintet" (yes, named for *him*). The major influences are obvious enough. The talented young composer-alto saxophonist Andy White, for instance, shows a witty apprehension of Eric Dolphy's facility, and of John Coltrane's scalar and modal explorations. He has also encountered the basic challenge of Ornette Coleman—hear particularly "S.D.D.S." There are some flaws which come from inexperience, from unsteady record-date nerves, from overexuberance, and, on a piece like "Nikki Poo" (a Miles Davis pastiche), a still derivative debt to older players. But these are obviously young men of spirited and authentic talent—and let's readily admit that, as this new thing demands freedom, it also seems to invite faking.

The sound emotional basis of such expansions of the tradition can be heard on "Awakening!" (Contemporary M 3605), with two quintets led by alto saxophonist Jimmy Woods. At key moments Woods's improvised lines cross the usual boundaries of intonation and harmonics to describe strongly inner-dictated melodic curves of their own. "Not Yet," "Love for Sale," "Anticipation," and "A New Twist" are effective examples. And "Roma" and "Little Jim" are structured so that they command the soloist to find his own way. "Not Yet" also has an interlude with the exceptionally promising bassist Gary Peacock.

An almost opposite, at least more academic, approach is represented on "New Sounds . . . Old World" (RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2557) by the American Jazz Ensemble, wherein a relatively schooled quintet takes a deliberately "experimental" approach. The results sound like the engaging dabbling of players who are enjoying themselves but who have no really authentic feel for the jazz idiom. For a similar, more adventurous, authentic, and successful recital, with similar personnel, there is the new Jimmy Giuffre "3" (pianist Paul Bley and bassist Steve Swallow) on "Thesis" (Verve V/V6-8402). (I dare not say more for I wrote the liner notes to that LP and an unwritten law somehow forbids me to review it.)

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 20

truth. She is a permissive mother, out of both theory and laziness, and not a particularly loving one, though she knows, from the books she reads, that she ought to be. Bright and moderately capable, she cares little for her job. The only real satisfaction in life she can imagine is in sexual experience, of which she takes so romantic a view that her marriage to Brendan is a disappointment. After degrading herself in an affair with a man she knows to be a cheap phony, she realizes the emptiness of her life and feels cheated. "Her generation was not tragic, she decided; it was pathetic." And, because she knows this, we end by feeling sorry for her.

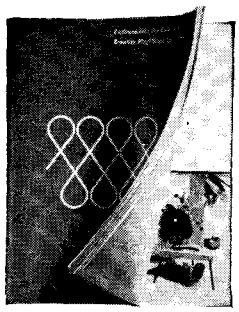
Brendan, at the outset, is less sharply defined than either his mother or his wife. He seems merely a weak person, like Diarmuid Devine in "The Feast of Lupercal" and like Ginger Coffey, and it is hard to take his literary ambitions seriously. He is himself full of doubt and in constant need of approval. When he tells his mother that he has made writing his religion, she laughs at him, and we can't blame her. Yet ultimately he convinces himself and convinces us. When he first began talking of becoming a writer, back in Ireland, a friend said to him, "You'll sacrifice other people, all right. But will you sacrifice yourself?" Brendan's final words are: "I have altered beyond all self-recognition. I have lost and sacrificed myself." We have no idea whether he is a good writer or not, but we know he is a dedicated one.

I cannot help comparing Moore's novel with John Braine's "Life at the Top," which I reviewed last week. There is in Moore not a trace of the slick superficiality I found objectionable in Braine. Moore has the great gift of looking at people and places as if no one had ever seen them before. New York is rendered with a kind of pristine sensitivity. Even the literary life of the city, which has so often been written about in a banal fashion, is seen so freshly that the reader can be moved to astonishment and sometimes horror. The characters, including the minor characters, behave with the mysterious combination of predictability and unpredictability that is the essence of life.

Moore has elected to develop three themes. First, there is the problem of the alien, Mrs. Tierney, and this is given to us, as I have tried to suggest, with complete authenticity and immense compassion. Then there is the problem of rootlessness, perhaps the central problem of our society, and again Moore shows compassion as well as understanding. Finally there is the problem of the artist. There is much evidence to show that Brendan Tierney is not Brian Moore as he is or as he was at the beginning of his career, and yet it would be naïve to suppose that Moore is not in some degree talking about himself. The dedicated artist, as writers as different as Somerset Maugham and Thomas Mann have testified, does sacrifice others and does sacrifice himself. Moore must have felt some of the terrible self-distrust that he attributes to Brendan, must have experienced the same bitter sense of triumph when he was at last convinced of his vocation. He does not pass judgment, does not apologize, does not condemn. What he does is to bring an artist to life, and that is something that not many novelists have succeeded in doing.

Moore has never surpassed "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne," and perhaps he never will, for that novel has the kind of perfection that always seems to be a happy and unrepeatable accident; but in all important respects he has grown, and "An Answer from Limbo" is a richer book, even if it isn't a better one. Moore has an extraordinary control of his medium. He has chosen to use both the first person, Brendan speaking, and the third, and he moves from one to the other with complete assurance. Whether he uses first person or third, his language is clean and alive, and one knows from the very beginning that this is a writer.

The novel communicates with perfect lucidity the author's vision of the complexity and the pathos of life. Sad, pious, dignified Mrs. Tierney, listening to the literary and psychoanalytical jargon—and, in her view, the obscenity—in the talk that goes on among Brendan's and Jane's friends, is a typical figure of our times, for we are all, one way or another, aliens. But Moore's compassion is not restricted to her, whom it is easy to pity; it reaches out to arrogant and tortured Brendan and even to the insufferable Jane.



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COMMUNICATIONS

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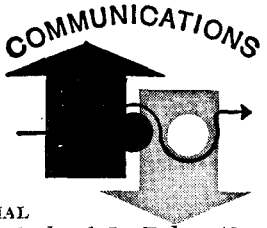

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About This Time of Year

ABOUT this time of year, especially in those years divisible by even numbers, the boys in the smoke-filled rooms begin to search in earnest for ways and means of winning elections, if not by fair means then by foul. Ballot-box stuffing and election fraud are by no means as common as they were before the age of the voting machine. A third of the country, however, still votes by paper ballot, and where there are paper ballots there are always greater chances of chicanery and malfunction of the public will. Paper ballots can be destroyed or lost, and they can also be quite easily altered.

Traditionally, American newspapers have been the watchdogs of the ballot box along with honest ballot associations and other civic-minded groups, and many a Pulitzer Prize has marked the courage of a man with a typewriter and a printing press for his exposé of fraud and corruption at voting time. Some of these exposés have cost the crusaders their lives, and perhaps it isn't a bad idea, less than one month before election, to recall to a new generation two editors named Don Mellett and Robert Waldo Ruhl whose high journalistic sense of justice and patriotism far exceeded their sense of self-preservation.

Don Mellett was editor and publisher of the Canton, Ohio, *Daily News*. He had watched his town grow more and more corrupt, sinking deeper and deeper into a morass of ballot-box stuffing, police graft, and political fraud, as well as prostitution and bootlegging. By New Year's Day, 1926, Don Mellett had had enough. He wrote a front-page editorial to begin the new year. Its sum and substance was: "Canton needs cleaning up. . . ." And he proceeded to clean it up, though the police department of Canton was so corrupt he had little or no law enforcement to help him, and his task appeared hopeless.

However, by summer there were signs that the political-crime front in Canton was beginning to feel the effects of the *Daily News* campaign. Public opinion was rising behind Mellett, the rest of the state was taking notice of his stinging editorials, and the police department seemed about ready to sweep out its high-smelling stable. On the night of July 16, Don Mellett drove home to his wife and four small children, but he never saw them again. Someone shot and killed him as he put his car away in the garage. It was immediately apparent who had shot him and why.

The *Daily News* hit the streets of Canton two hours later. It printed the full story of its editor's murder and promised to carry on in the Mellett name. Quite naturally, Mellett's crusade became a nation-wide story overnight; Canton was quickly rid of its ballot-box stuffers and gangster-operated police. And the Mellett paper won the Pulitzer Prize in 1927 for the cause to which Don Mellett had given his life, literally.

Out in Medford, Oregon, seven years later, Robert Waldo Ruhl took on a similar challenge by political gangsters. While he did not lose his life, it was in danger of being snuffed out at any time and his *Mail Tribune* newspaper plant was constantly threatened by violence. A

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millionaire orchard owner, one Llewellyn Banks, had found his empire threatened by the Depression and had turned to politics for a way out of his difficulties. When legal means failed him, Banks had taken to ballot fraud (among other crimes), which Editor Ruhl uncovered. A recount began. But before the recount got very far, the millionaire orchardist shot and killed a constable, George Prescott, who had sought to serve a summons on him. Young Ruhl, fresh out of Andover and Harvard, wrote a front-page editorial: "The Challenge Is Accepted," and, after unbelievable delays, threats, diversions, frauds, and total immunity to the law, Banks was tried and convicted of murder and died in his cell. The Medford *Mail Tribune* also won a Pulitzer Prize, and Editor Ruhl somehow managed to save his paper and his life. He is still listed in the most recent Editor & Publisher Year Book as the paper's publisher.

Crusading isn't dead in the 1960s, either, as you know if you've been reading *Chicago's American* lately. A man named Maurice Fink polled 3,226 votes in the April primaries this year as a candidate for State Senator. But a more publicity-shy office seeker would be

hard to find. The *American* quickly uncovered the fact that Fink was unknown in his neighborhood, did not live at his listed address, and had no phone or local associations. His own party organization couldn't locate him for the Chicago reporter. There was no campaign photograph. Though he was eventually found, his name was withdrawn from the race and a better and less fraudulent representative of the people nominated in his place. A small item, but the kind that can be important, about this time of year. —R.L.T.

Introducing a New By-Liner

Murray Gart, whose up-dating of the Chicago newspaper scene begins on the next page, is Midwest bureau chief for *Time-Life*. He has been with the Luce organization since 1955 and has represented it in Chicago since 1959.

Letters to the Communications Editor

THE NEWSPAPER GUILD REPLIES

A GOOD REPORTER gets his facts straight. Your Richard L. Tobin, certainly a good reporter while he was on the *Herald Tribune* staff (and a member of the Newspaper Guild), for one reason or another did not get the facts straight in his column entitled "Just How Free Is the Press?" [*SR*, Sept. 8].

Mr. Tobin asks, "Might a Guild local refuse to put out a paper because it disagrees with some editorial policy of the publisher?" The facts as to this were easily available to reporter Tobin. In nearly three decades of Newspaper Guild relationships with newspaper publishers, there has never been a strike or work stoppage, or threat of either, based on disagreement with any publisher's editorial policy.

In fact, Section I of Article II of the American Newspaper Guild Constitution (Article I sets down the Guild's name and purpose) reads: "Guild membership shall be open to every eligible person without discrimination or penalty, nor shall any member be barred from membership or penalized, by reason of age, sex, race, national origin, religious or political conviction or anything he writes for publication."

This is the famous Heywood Broun clause, and it is not merely a clause in an official document—the Guild believes in it and in a free press. That is why, for example, we have never proposed a closed shop Guild contract, and have left the publisher always free to hire whom he wishes to report, write, and edit the news.

There were other misstatements or misconceptions in the Tobin editorial. Minneapolis did have a daily newspaper to read during the recent Teamsters strike—the Minneapolis *Daily Herald*, born during the strike and still carrying on as a daily newspaper.

And, Mr. Tobin might also have asked, how free is the press when its owners decide to close it down not for the public good but to gain a point against the unions of their employees?

A minimum of research could have disclosed to him that the seven big newspaper publishers of New York City have openly proclaimed their policy of "massive retaliation" and have threatened, again and again, that, if any one union dares to strike one newspaper, all the remaining newspapers will halt publication and all the 20,000 newspaper employees will be locked out. This is no idle threat—it has been twice put into effect in New York and several times in other cities.

"How Free Is the Press?" Tobin asks, and he proceeds to excoriate the American Newspaper Guild because at its convention in Buffalo delegates "approved a series of resolutions committing all Guild members to endorsement of the King-Anderson Medical Care Bill . . . and several other highly controversial matters."

We have never gone along with the view that newspaper writers and reporters, to do their work objectively, must be low-grade morons without the right to express an opinion or a preference, individually or through their organizations. Of course, a convention resolution does not commit all Guild members to endorse this or that—it does express, however, the view of a majority of the Guild members as interpreted by their elected representatives, and this it should do.

And let's not be funny about it. Newspaper employees are American citizens, and have the same right to express an opinion publicly as their publishers—who express any number of opinions on every conceivable subject, both in their newspapers and at their meetings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. The employees can still report and write and edit the news objectively—within the limits set by their publishers.

"Just How Free Is the Press?" is a good question, but it should be directed at the owners of the press, who daily decide how free the press is to be or not to be—not at their employees, or the union of their employees.

M. MICHAEL POTOKER,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Newspaper Guild of New York.
New York, N.Y.

"HOW FREE IS THE PRESS?" you ask? The question has been answered by your article. If this national group of press unions you speak of let your article be printed without a strike, they can't be that much of a threat to the common liberty!

RICHARD WILDERS.
Columbus, O.

A TRADEMARK IS A TRADEMARK

ALTHOUGH I WAS FLATTERED to have you draw upon my article, "Protect Your Trademark by Proper Usage" (*Journal of Marketing*, July, 1962), for some of the material in your recent editorial "When a Trademark Becomes a Common Noun" [*SR*, August 11], I should like to correct the impression that all your statements reflect my views. Specifically, my list of trademarks which have passed into the language was limited to those declared generic by judicial decision; you consigned several others to the same category without legal authority, but I expect you have heard directly from their owners by now.

My particular quarrel is with your con-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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Chicago's Muted Trumpets

By MURRAY GART

JUST a generation ago Chicago ranked close to the top of the heap of American cities who were noteworthy for their press. It was, to be sure, a notoriety of a special kind, dominated by the invincibly personal presence of Colonel Robert (Bertie) Rutherford McCormick. Yet, in quite another way, it was a consequential press, for Chicago's journalistic terrain contained five separate papers, all of them separately owned and operated. They spanned a healthy spectrum of conviction from McCormick's own flamboyant, isolationist *Tribune* trumpet to the internationalist, New Dealish *Sun*, a creation of stubborn persistence and Marshall Field III's fat bank account. Little Orphan Annie played out her adventures on the same landscape as the crusading, "Front Page" reporting of the *Daily News*, while a serious *Sun* relinquished sensationalism to an inevitably lusty, anti-vivisectionist Hearstling.

It was a robust, enterprising press, even if some of its experimentation (like fonetic spelling in the *Tribune*) bordered on the bizarre. At least those who published and edited it felt that they should not only express firm convictions, but that they should also try to get their words off newsprint and into the minds of their readers.

By this time, Chicago's press had shaken off its worst habits, those developed in the circulation wars that followed World War I. It had been fashionable then, in an atmosphere of furious thrashing for power-giving circulation, for the city's press lords to import gangs of thugs to carry their battle into the streets. The theory was simply that it was possible to beat one's competitor into oblivion by intimidating and muscling his employees, roughing up his carriers and dealers, turning over his trucks, and stuffing his newspapers into sewers or dumping them into Lake Michigan. To practice the theory required armies of circulation thugs trained in the art of street war, and these were recruited from all over the East. The wars themselves were serious enough, not infrequently involving head bashing and bloodshed, and occasionally reaching an intensity suggested in the gunning down of *Tribune* reporter Jake Lingle in the Illinois Central Station. As even more serious consequence of such bad journalistic habits, however, was that the oversized hood population branched out in its operations, providing some of the main talent and muscle for the gangland wars of the Capone era. By a generation ago, however, this was past history in Chicago in spite of lingering legend.

Now, a generation later, there is even less friction between one journalistic greenhouse and another, although a good measure of serious competition and enterprise remains—more perhaps than in any major city outside of New York. Also, there are fewer greenhouses. Field's morning *Sun* absorbed the afternoon *Times* to become the *Sun-Times*. In 1956, William Randolph Hearst's heirs threw their ragged afternoon *American* open for bidding to the three remaining publishers, a contest won by the *Tribune*. Then, in early 1959, after helping to raise his father's tabloid to respectable journalistic stature (meanwhile converting it to his own modern Republicanism), Marshall Field, Jr., bought Jack Knight's *Daily News*. The afternoon *Daily News*, which could boast a good foreign news service, a crusading tradition, and an editor who translated his penchant for short sentences into a whole journalistic era of basic language usage, unfortunately faced a slowly decreasing six-day revenue.

Today's press map of Chicago shows four anchor points, a loss of only one in a generation and a casualty record of considerably smaller proportions than national trends would suggest. Of course, Chicago has become in the process a two-publisher town, as any reporter or editor in search of employment quickly discovers. He can seek employment with the morning *Tribune* or the afternoon *Chicago's American*, appropriately housed in the left wing of the *Tribune* tower. Or he can call at the morning *Sun-Times*, published by Marshall Field, Jr., or the *Daily News*, edited and published by Marshall Field, Jr. Both have a common architectural home on the Chicago River.

All this concentration inevitably results in the financial rewards of sharing physical plant and publishing

Larry Fanning
Exec. Editor, Sun-Times.

Lloyd Wendt
Editor, Chicago's American.

Tom Collins
Exec. Editor, Chicago Daily News.

W. D. Maxwell
Editor, Chicago Tribune.

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facilities in varying degrees, though the accountants still trot out red ink for both afternoon papers.

There exists, however, a fortunate consequence of this new Chicago press construction. Field and McCormick's trust caretakers who now run the *Tribune* cannot willingly give an inch of competitive ground in the morning field, for this could result in potential disaster to the newspaper that is the strength of each publishing house. Likewise, in the afternoon cycle, neither would dare give an inch lest the cost run more than it does already. Even if each publishing house held a different preference, circumstance would dictate only intense competition. In fact, the two-publisher operation of the four-newspaper Chicago press probably has intensified the competitive atmosphere, which in the long run has become more stable than the old five-proprietorship system of glaring weaknesses alongside towering strengths.

What has changed more radically is the position and editorial character of the newspapers. The heirs to McCormick's personal proprietorship have muted his trumpet. To the chagrin of no one, they have stripped the *Tribune* almost entirely of its language idiosyncrasies. While the heirs still bellow from its editorial page in anachronistic Gibralta-America or right-wing Republican terms (often in brilliant classic prose), at least they are more susceptible to reporting, using, and displaying news with less ideological fervor. Their *Tribune* seems to recognize, as McCormick's never would, that Little Orphan Annie's pertinence to the contemporary world is about as appropriate as the sermons of Robert Welch. (Though, of course, Annie marches on, daily and Sunday). Under editor Don Maxwell, appointed by the Colonel before he died, the *Tribune* has aged measurably, though by the standards of its hold on readership and its ability to generate profits, it remains Chicago's strongest newspaper.

Chicago's *best* newspaper, on the other hand, is Field's *Sun-Times*. A well-edited, alert, and highly diversified tabloid positioned against the *Trib*, it has somehow caught the proper balance between informing and entertaining its readership, and gives the impression of engagement with the real world. As a reading diet, its taste has a flavor of blandness, partly calculated to overcome the feel of a tabloid, partly a reflection of Field's own view of the world. Ably piloted by executive editor Larry Fanning, the *Sun-Times* recently became the new home base of cartoonist Bill Mauldin, whose syndicated efforts are the latest addition to Field's "dignity," i.e., columnist, page. It is also the original and permanent home of Ann Landers. Neither exciting nor encyclopedic like a *New York Times*, the *Sun-Times* provides just the best day-to-day fare Chicago offers. Its mild Republicanism irritates Second City business-leader sensibilities less than Field's father did when he founded the paper in a fit of passion for the New Deal. It remains internationalist, however, if imperceptibly so.

Under the new ownership structure in Chicago, the newspaper that has improved most is *Chicago's American*, the *Trib*'s scrapper for afternoon leadership. One of the most able editors in town, Lloyd Wendt, was freed eighteen months ago from his Sunday editorship of the *Tribune* to accelerate the progress of the *American* away from Hearsthood. It had a long way to go, and, to the surprise of the city's editorial fraternity, he was given free reign.

UNDER Wendt, sex, crime, and the passions of Hollywood starlets have given way to serious efforts in news, columns, and features to lure the paper's readership into more enlightening areas of current events. He leans heavily on the *New York Times* news service, and his compass approach to columnists raises eyebrows in the more staid quarters of *Tribune* tower, though the paper boxes it faithfully from Barry Goldwater to Murray Kempton.

When a jet blew up over Iowa last spring, it was his *American* that pursued the story and finally broke the news that it was bombed rather than blown by windstorm from the skies. Such reportorial vigor shows in the *American*'s pages, and it is being recognized in the fact that its circulation is closing a gap with the *Daily News*.

Wendt's greatest difficulty, one beyond the control of any editor, lies in the fact that the *American* suffers a disease distressing to any newsman: thinness. In a city of fat, heavy products which tend to obscure by poundage what they lack in substance, the *American* displays its chronic anemia publicly. Consequently, it retains some of the feel of a sick Hearst paper. It also plagues its editors with daily denials of space in which to display their journalistic wares. Even so, Wendt and his staff make better use of available space than other papers in the city, with the possible exception of the *Sun-Time*'s tabloid-sized offering. Often the *Daily News* and the *Tribune* appear determined to prove the worthless principle which regards news only as stuff used to fill white space around the ads.

The most disappointing newspaper in Chicago is the *Daily News*, once its best. Its own foreign service, one of its greatest assets, and a good corps of Washington hands, continue to supply the paper with a diet of independent, relatively perceptive reporting. Its staff in terms of reportorial strength is still large and well seasoned. Its bent for investigative reporting remains, though often of late it has been shunted into unproductive channels. It carries Marshall Field's own banner, for the masthead proclaims him editor. The mystery of Chicago journalism is that, with such a strong editorial tradition, the paper just seems to miss the mark.

Some good reasons, however, can be discovered upon close inspection: an abundance of weak editorial leadership under Field, which he has been too kind to correct, and a somewhat disorganized construction, including a make-up that was the hallmark of many a newspaper of another more chaotic era. Remedies are in the development stage, but it remains to be seen whether the *Daily News* can be spruced up to display that orderly sense of engagement in mirroring the events of the day which modern readers require.

To the combatants in the daily matches among the Chicago newspapers—and newspapering is a sequence of daily matches—a real sense of contest exists as a healthy journalistic stimulus. If there is a moment of pause, it is always possible to reflect on the two enormous financial forces engaged in the happy battle to tell people what they ought to know for the well-being of their way of life: on the one side, a mammoth business and publishing enterprise, the Chicago *Tribune*; on the other, the ever-growing fortune of a long-dead merchant prince named Marshall Field.

In the new Chicago press, there is also abundant evidence of a kind of search for journalistic truth that is a considerable improvement over the old. There is much more of a tendency, even in the *Tribune*, to try to see the world and interpret it not as someone would like it to be, but as it is. Perhaps more than anyone else in the current top echelons of command, Field has attempted to set this kind of standard for the newsman's eternal preoccupation with searching for the truth. It's a standard far more natural than any other for any newsman worth his salary, and it's a standard willingly, though often unconsciously accepted.

For the most part, the Chicago press of today is a more responsible, improved overall product than it was a generation ago. If it is more bland, it is perhaps the times that yield fewer dramatic moments to make hair-raising headlines. If it is less raucus and more reflective, it is probably a consequence of perceiving a world of gray rather than black and white.

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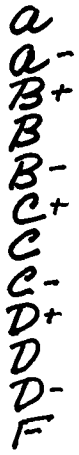

IF SCHOOLS RATED YOU AS THEY DO YOUR CHILDREN, HOW GOOD WOULD YOUR REPORT CARD BE?

Redbook Magazine gave 400 elementary school teachers the opportunity to rate the parents of the children they teach. If you were one of those marked, you probably flunked Attendance, Perceptiveness, and Responsibility. The complete report card appears in October Redbook. It reveals the teachers' deep concern that parents are abdicating their share of responsibility in the educative process. Poor attendance is the first symptom. Children learn at an early age to play parent against teacher, especially when the parent is not familiar with the teacher or her classroom situation.

Even more frustrating to the teacher is the sacrifice of her training and classroom time in an effort to teach health habits and good manners. One teacher comments that this is a special problem in higher-income families: mother is usually in bed when children go to school.

This kind of pointed criticism from teachers may disturb Redbook's Young Adult readers, most of whom are parents of young children. But by this time they're accustomed to Redbook articles that stretch their minds and touch their sensibilities. In fact, it is this respect for the literacy and purposefulness of its readers that has made Redbook the most popular magazine for Young Adult families. As a result, circulation is one of the fastest growing among all magazines. And advertising linage grows apace, climbing at a rate rarely exceeded by others.

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS
REDBOOK

230 Park Avenue, New York—and Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Philadelphia. Circulation Base: 3,600,000

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Magazines

Cinderella Magazine: "Art in America"

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN THE magazine business, Cinderella stories have never been as commonplace as they are in other kinds of endeavor. Good little periodicals that sit home by the fire are likely to continue sitting there until they fall over into the flames. More than a century and a half of magazine publishing in America has produced only a handful of publications which have survived fifty years or longer, and few of these are still alive today.

One of the survivors is *Art in America*, certainly a most unlikely candidate for longevity, a Cinderella magazine which literally stayed at home during most of its life until it suddenly met a prince, went to the ball, and is now living happily ever after on Madison Avenue.

Not many magazine readers probably have ever heard of *Art in America*. It is one of those small, specialized, high-quality publications, bound in board covers, full of handsome color and artistic layouts, and designed for a relatively small subscription audience supplemented by bookstore sales. It is, in a sense, the *American Heritage* of the art world. Seven years ago it had no advertising whatever and a circulation of less than a thousand; yet it was alive. Today, refinanced, published by Lee A. Ault, and with Anthony Bower as managing editor, it has a circulation of approximately 18,000, including book-store sales (it is distributed by McGraw-Hill); and in 1961 it carried an average of forty-seven and two-thirds pages of advertising in its four issues. With its anniversary issue in February, it will return to its original bimonthly publication schedule, abandoned years ago.

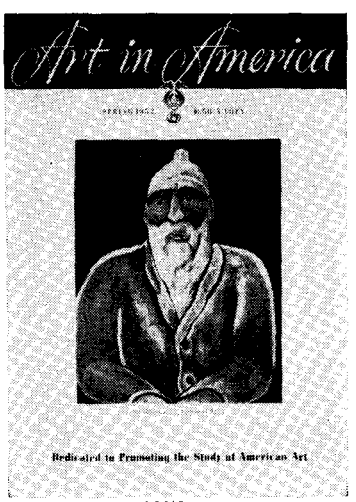
Art in America's remarkable success story begins in 1913, which art lovers know as the historic year when, on February 17, an exhibition opened at New York's Sixty-Ninth Regiment Armory, introducing to an American audience the contemporary innovators of European art and a few natives who were in the same avant-garde camp. Known ever since simply as the "Armory Show," this exhibition displayed to Americans who hardly knew what to make of them such now familiar artists as Matisse, Cézanne, Brancusi, Picasso, Gauguin, Braque, Kandinsky, and Duchamp.

By coincidence the first issue of *Art in America* had appeared only a month before the opening. It was the idea of Frederic Fairchild Sherman, an art collector who dealt with rich accumulators like J. P. Morgan, and who also published fine private press publications in the art field. Sherman was already much interested in American art. He owned some of Albert Ryder's work and in time published the first book about this artist. The Armory Show stimulated his interest all the more, because he saw there not only Ryder's work but paintings by Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, Arthur B. Davies, Robert Henri, George Bellows, John Sloan, John Marin, Edward Hopper, and Charles Sheeler, among others.

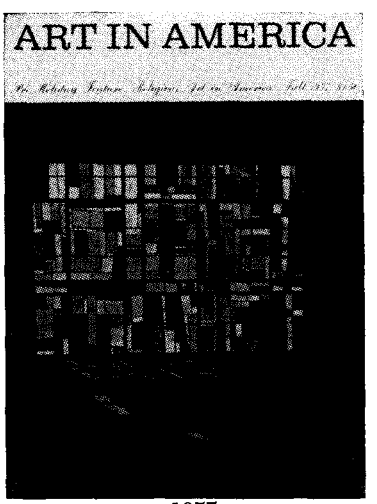
As first editor of his magazine, Sherman hired Wilhelm R. Valentiner, a scholar well known for his studies in Italian Renaissance art. But Valentiner left the post after three years, and Sherman became his own editor in 1917, holding the reins himself for the next twenty-three years. Early in his tenure Sherman found his interests concentrated more and more in native American art, an absorption naturally reflected in his magazine, which soon became the chief exponent in its field of American folk art and American painters.

In the early Thirties, Sherman acquired a young assistant editor out of Wellesley, who came like so many eager college girls to work on a New York magazine, and unlike most of the others, stayed with her first job and became editor after Sherman's departure in 1940. Jean Lipman improved considerably on this success story, however. She was not only editor, but publisher and entire staff, with the help of her husband. The office was her home in Cannondale, Connecticut, in the bucolic precincts of Fairfield County; and there for years she issued *Art in America* on schedule, aided only by the old printing firm in Springfield, Massachusetts, Pond Ekberg Co., which had printed the magazine from the beginning.

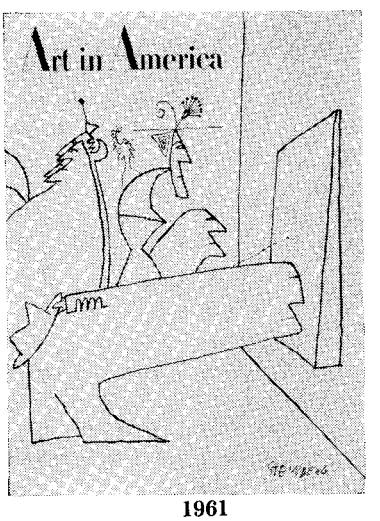
The magazine did not die, but neither did it prosper. By 1950 it had



1952



1957



1961

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reached a low point of thirty-two pages, without advertising, and a circulation of exactly 199. At that time it broke even, but refinancing was obviously needed. The new publisher, before he acquired the property, could scarcely believe what he heard when he asked the usual questions about circulation, advertising, and profit and loss. As a business, the magazine had nothing whatever to offer; as a publishing venture, it still possessed a basically good idea and an experienced editor able to execute it.

The magic ingredient was money; with new capitalization, *Art in America* immediately went to a larger format, dressed itself up, and reached out toward a broader audience than the handful of art lovers who were reading it. Mrs. Lipman says her readership today is made up of a broad cross-section which includes art lovers, collectors, museum directors, and institutions like schools and public libraries.

As a hard-cover magazine, it is unique in being the only one of this variety to carry advertising. As a quarterly, it has more than twice as much advertising as any other in that field, and as an art magazine it has more of nearly everything—editorial plates, ads, contributions—than any of its competitors. Unlike other art publications, it does not involve itself in the intramural warfare which rages intermittently in the art world.

Mrs. Lipman, a charming woman who thinks of herself as a veteran after twenty-five years in the job but still looks and talks like the young Wellesley assistant editor grown not very much older, has large plans for the magazine, beginning with the special anniversary edition.

The coincidence of the anniversary with that of the Armory Show has made a double celebration possible and appropriate. A retrospective Armory Show, recreating as far as possible the 1913 exhibition, will take place at the original Armory next April, for the benefit of Henry Street Settlement, and a co-ordinated exhibition will open in Utica, New York, on February 17.

As for *Art in America*, it is already celebrating. Its summer, 1962, issue carried an anniversary portfolio of drawings and paintings by Andrew Wyeth, and its anniversary issue will offer a sketchbook contributed by a group of painters representing trends in contemporary art. It has also commissioned a group of distinguished painters and sculptors to execute six anniversary lithographs, a group including Alexander Calder, Cleve Gray, Loren MacIver, George Ortman, Robert Andrew Parker, and Hiram Williams. Moreover, it is sponsoring a book by Frederick Franck, one of its "new talent" artists, who developed the volume from an article in the magazine. Titled "My Eye Is in Love," it will be published next spring by Macmillan. At the same time, or a little later, the magazine will have its own book, "Best of Art in America."

Besides resuming its bimonthly publication schedule, *Art in America* also plans an expansion in editorial content, with two new regular features, "Print Review" and "Auction Trends," and a two-man reporting team commenting on the New York gallery scene.

A preview of the special anniversary issue has a surprise or two among the contributors—surprising, at least, to anyone who thinks that only artists or art critics write for art magazines. The table of contents lists Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York, who has a piece called "Back To The 69th Regiment Armory." Of course, it is really not astonishing to see Governor Rockefeller represented; his interest in art is, after all, well-known.

In its fifty years of existence, the magazine has had, in fact, one of the most distinguished lists of contributors any periodical could boast—more than a thousand noted art historians, teachers, critics, museum people, collectors, dealers, artists, architects, photographers, poets, novelists, and public figures. A mere sampling of the roll call is impressive: Jacques Barzun, Bernard Berenson, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Alexander Calder, Marshall Davidson, John Dos Passos, James T. Flexner, Alfred Frankenstein, A. Whitney Griswold, Geoffrey Hellman, Walt Kelly, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Russell Lynes, Grandma Moses, Walter Pach, Kenneth Roberts, Edward G. Robinson, Norman Rockwell, Eleanor Roosevelt, Carl Sandburg, Edward Steichen, and Francis Henry Taylor, to name only a representative few.

The table of contents for the anniversary issue reflects *Art in America's* wide range. It leads with nine pieces related to the Armory Show and the anniversary, including contributions by John Canaday, William Carlos Williams, Lloyd Goodrich, and Governor Rockefeller. The anniversary sketchbook follows, with an introduction by Cleve Gray. Then come reviews of the galleries in New York and across the country; letters from Paris, London, Rome, and the Iron Curtain countries; reviews of books and prints; and a half-dozen special features, including cartoons by Al Hirschfeld.

That line-up fairly well represents the Lipman editorial policy, which has indeed been the policy for most of the magazine's life—to discover and rediscover early American artists, as Sherman originally meant to do, but more than that, to present all aspects of contemporary art, here and abroad.

As an innovator, *Art in America* has survived nearly every vicissitude which customarily besets the breed, and the fact that it is still innovating and growing after a half-century is an example of what can be done in the magazine business with talent and persistence and only a modicum of cash.

"Why hasn't he the will to live?"

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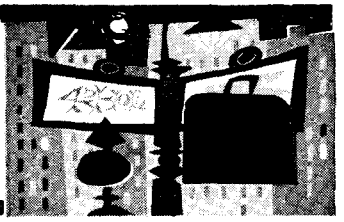
Madison Avenue



Expansion Fever

By PETER BART

A WHILE back, a group of American businessmen had a hot idea. They decided to anchor a boat off the shores of Sweden and broadcast a steady blast of popular music and commercials to the Swedish mainland. Since Sweden's state-owned radio network does not permit commercials, the Americans figured they could make a quick killing off eager advertisers.

As it turned out, the advertisers were game, but the Swedish government was not. It closed down the radio ship, and the Americans set sail for other shores.

Although this faintly comic incident attracted scant attention at the time, it provided a vivid reminder of a more far-reaching development in Europe. For what the radio ship was attempting to do rather blatantly, many other Americans are accomplishing in a far more subtle way: by transplanting American advertising techniques to Europe.

The Americanization of European advertising has been going on for some time, of course. A handful of agencies such as J. Walter Thompson and McCann-Erickson have long carried Madison Avenue's banner overseas. But in recent months, Madison Avenue's expansion into the Common Market area has taken on almost "gold rush" proportions. Agency after agency—Ted Bates & Co.; Doyle Dane Bernbach; Compton Advertising; Marsteller, Inc.; Benton & Bowles; Grey Advertising; Norman, Craig & Kummel; D'Arcy Advertising; and Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, to name a few—have announced new overseas ventures.

Paradoxically, all these agencies are launching their overseas offensives for admittedly defensive reasons. Simply stated, they are worried about losing clients. "Let's put it this way," says one agency president. "If you have a big client who is starting to sell extensively overseas, you know he's going to need an overseas agency. If you have no overseas outlet, he'll hire an agency that has. And first thing you know this other agency will be making a pitch for your client's domestic advertising as well. In our business, there's no sense letting a competitor get his foot in the door."

In establishing a foothold abroad, the "new wave" of agencies is adopting a new set of tactics. In past years the few agencies that ventured overseas usually did so by starting new offices from scratch—an arduous and expensive process. The rest simply established loose affiliations with foreign agencies, a policy that guaranteed neither exclusiveness nor proper service.

The agencies now making their first moves abroad are generally doing so by acquiring a substantial financial interest in foreign agencies. In acquiring this financial stake, the American agencies guarantee themselves an important policy-making role; at the same time, they can offer their clients not the bare bones of a new office, but a fully-staffed operative overseas agency.

ONCE the financial details have been nailed down, the American agency usually dispatches a coterie of officials to its new European outlet to educate the foreigners in the essentials of American advertising. And, in many cases, the American agency and its European partner then set out to make still other acquisitions throughout Europe and so set up a network of overseas agencies.

It should be emphasized at this point that these deals are by no means one-sided. Indeed, the Europeans have much to gain from their new partnerships. They benefit richly from the infusion of American capital and American know-how. And, as more and more American agencies have taken to beating the European bushes for new acquisitions, the Europeans have learned to extract a good price.

But, though both the American and European advertising men stand to gain a great deal from Madison Avenue's headlong rush overseas, there are a number of hidden dangers in this expansion process. One revolves around the fast-increasing influence that American advertisers and their agencies are acquiring over foreign advertising media. "Nothing inflames nationalistic passions more quickly than the charge that Madison Avenue controls the press or the broadcast media," observes Thomas Aitken, Jr., vice-president of McCann-Erickson and a man who has served in many foreign countries. "Yet there is a real long-term danger that, if present trends continue, American advertising men may find themselves in just this position in some countries. And this would be an awkward position, indeed."

Aside from this problem, there is also a far more basic danger arising from Madison Avenue's overseas expansion—namely, that Europeans may not take too kindly to the American brand of advertising. Although many American ad men are reluctant to acknowledge it, the fact remains that Europeans tend to be more sensitive (or at least less accustomed) to the often blatant blandishments of American advertising than we are.

"Italians—indeed Europeans in general—would never stand for American television advertising," Mario Morpurgo, president of Distilleries Stock, the big Italian brandy concern, exclaimed recently. "American television commercials are repetitious and mundane."

In many parts of Europe, these and similar reservations about advertising already are reflected in the form of stern legislation. Thus in some countries television ads are banned altogether, and, in West Germany, advertisers are barred from belittling competitive brands, while strict regulations governing "body care" products (dentifrices, cosmetics, drugs) appear in the offing. One American advertiser recently complained bitterly that it took several months to clear in Belgium a skin-cream commercial that was automatically accepted in the United States.

Yet, despite the significant disparities both in law and custom between Europe and this country, many American ad men insist that the basic techniques of advertising can be applied around the world. Rosser Reeves, chairman of Ted Bates & Company, says bluntly: "We are exporting an advertising philosophy. Our overseas outlets in Britain, Germany and France are direct instrumentalities of our American advertising practices." In a recent speech, Norman Strouse, president of J. Walter Thompson, said his agency's experience countered "the old idea that you cannot use American methods of advertising abroad." Said Mr. Strouse: "We have found this idea to be universally untrue. With language, customs, and media being so different, we are surprised not at how different the selling messages and techniques are, but at how many similarities there are."

These similarities may indeed exist. But, nonetheless, if the men from Madison Avenue attempt to employ some of their more strident advertising techniques abroad, this country's overseas prestige may before long be in need of some fast, fast FAST relief.

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McCALL'S CIRCULATION OF OVER 8,000,000 IS BIGGER THAN LIFE'S LOOK'S OR THE POST'S

MAGAZINE	DELIVERED CIRCULATION
McCALL'S	8,078,544
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	7,216,719
LOOK	7,105,032
LIFE	7,006,615
SATURDAY EVENING POST	6,663,873

Source: ABC Pub. Interim Statements, First Quarter 1962

McCALL'S IS BOUGHT BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

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ARE MOVIE CRITICS NECESSARY?

By HOLLIS ALPERT, *drawn from his forthcoming book "The Dream and the Dreamers," to be published in November by Macmillan.*

WITH the movies some sixty-five years old, there has been a large accumulation of writing about the form. And yet our literature is sparse. By this is meant that we do not yet have our Max Beerbohm, our Bernard Shaw, our George Jean Nathan, all of whose notices and opinions about other forms would fill a sizable shelf of books. Here and there one finds a book of movie opinions: the late James Agate in England collected his movie pieces in "Around Cinemas," and James Agee's random pieces were posthumously collected here. Many other writers of stature have dealt with the movies, but for the most part they have been fly-by-nighters. After a first flush of enthusiasm they have usually dropped out, leaving behind occasional essays.

The task of facing and coping with the endless mass of material issuing from the studios and from independent sources has been left largely to the daily reviewers, and to a small group of magazine critics. It is safe to say that no single reviewer sees *all* the movies that are released each year. Last year, for instance, 328 feature films from domestic and foreign sources were released in this country. Add to this number the dozens of short films, the commercially sponsored films, and the experimental and specialized films shown privately by societies such as Cinema 16, and we can see why the movie critic frequently changes the prescription on his glasses.

The sheer vastness of the movie landscape may explain why movie critics are deemed more or less necessary. The public, if it wants to go to the movies, must select from the large number available, as well as from the many different kinds. Disney's "The Absent-Minded Professor" is a far cry from Antonioni's "La Notte," and yet there are some who might want to see both, and others who will want to see neither. The review is the handiest guide available, which accounts for its being regarded by most publications as a "service" feature.

Thus the star system of certain newspapers—which rate movies as a kind of consumer product. One star means you waste your money; four stars is tantamount to a Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. The system has been broadened to include "half-stars," and recently the short-lived *Show Business Illustrated* added a fifth star, presumably on the assumption that now and then a movie comes along that is worth more than four stars.

This is a most primitive form of film criticism; yet, even without the stars, the film critic is under an intangible pressure to rate films roughly along these lines. Is it good? Very good? Terrific? In addition to this, with his audience in mind, he stresses those films that have a certain news value. The picture stars Elizabeth Taylor or Marlon Brando. It is directed by Alfred Hitchcock. It is the screen version of "West Side Story." It is made with a new film process. The film critic finds it difficult to ignore such news criteria, which are not, however, of much help to sober evaluation.

The practicing critic soon discovers, too, that his writing is of a discouragingly ephemeral nature. It is in the film industry's interest that it be kept so, for once a film is finished, and often at its inception, it is regarded as a product to be sold. The business has wholesale and retail levels, and also middlemen. During the years when business was good, and stable, the film reviewer was regarded as the flea on the elephant's back; if he proved irritating, a thunderous billboard blast was enough to put him in his place. But nowadays few movies sell just because they are movies, and efforts are made to "sell" the critic, and through him the audience.

Reviewers are bombarded with tons of publicity matter each year. The drum-beating will start months, even years in advance. I have been kept apprised for several months now, via my mailbox, of a film being made in Spain called "Fifty-Five Days to Peking." I already know that its producer is that bold man of vision, Samuel Bronston; that the picture deals with the Boxer Rebellion; and that it is being made on an unparalleled scale of spectacle. Emptying my mailbox, I sometimes stagger under the weight of many pounds of photographs: Connie Stevens, Natalie Wood, Troy Donahue. Sometimes, of course, the material is helpfully informative. It will tell me how and why a picture was made and, incidentally, why it deserves more than ordinary attention.

The producer of a movie is as eager for a good set of reviews as the play producer, although he is not so likely to fail or succeed on the reviews alone. I have heard one producer make the claim that, except for certain large cities, it was possible to "buy" good reviews in newspapers. If this is true, then there are newspapers that ought to look to their journalistic standards. The so-called press books, sent out during the publicity campaign on a movie, often include "sample reviews," which the newspaper is at liberty to print along with the ad taken on behalf of the picture.

Most movie companies take pains to ensure that film critics will see their offerings in advance of their public showings. Screenings in a comfortable room are set for their convenience in morning, afternoon, and evening hours. One of the great mysteries of the screening room, however, is the identity of the people who occupy the several rows of seats, for critics are spotted among them sparsely. Perhaps, like Celebrity Service, there is a screening service, to which one can secretly subscribe. Of one thing I am certain: a great many people are willing to see a movie for nothing. And an invited audience makes the best audience. Ladies willingly remove hats, no one munches popcorn or walks in or leaves in the middle of the picture, smoking is allowed, and the backs of the seats remain unscarred by delinquent carvings.

Churlish indeed the critic who

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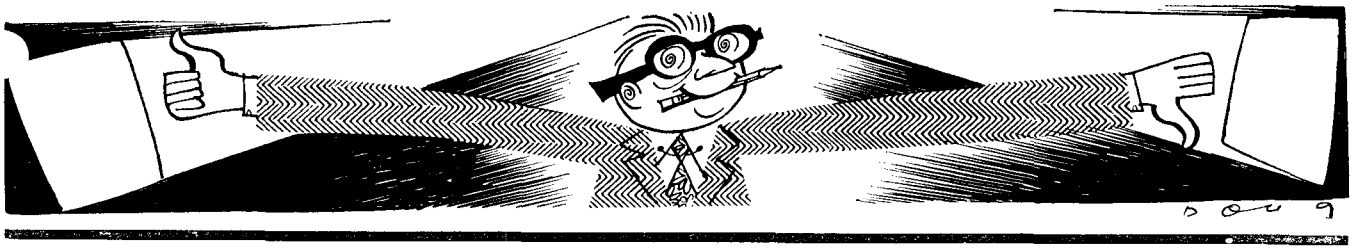

leaves and proceeds to mock his host's entertainment. There are some who do, and some who don't, and the situation seems to be tacitly accepted by the movie companies, which, strangely, will invite back time after time a critic who uses movies only as a foil for his rapier wit. A story persists about a reporter for a film trade paper who slammed week in, week out, a major studio's production. "Get X on our payroll," the studio head wired to his Eastern publicity head, who wired back: "But X already on our payroll."

Though the reviews that count can't be bought, the film critic does find himself acting as unpaid publicist for the movies he likes, since the review itself is often used as publicity for the movie. As I open the movie pages of the Sunday *New York Times*, the so-called critical statements greet me: "Brilliant beyond description!" "Go see this masterpiece!" "It is hilarious!" "Worth coming miles to see!" "Absolutely tremendous and unforgettable!" Same picture? No, indeed. They refer to "The Miracle Worker," "Divorce—Italian Style," "Lolita," and "Flame in the Streets." Their sources are the *New York Times*, the *New Yorker* magazine, the *World-Telegram & The Sun*, the New York *Post*, and the New York *Daily Mirror*.

THE critics concerned might rightly plead that their words were taken out of context, but it does seem true that some reviews are written, even when unfavorable, so that quotes may be pulled out. Whether this is done consciously or unconsciously, it also seems true that some sloppy writing may be involved. I happened to read recently a quote by a reviewer friend of mine in an ad, and received the impression he had been thrilled by the movie. When I asked him about it, he told me he had disliked the film intensely. I then went back to his full review, and found none of the reasons for his dislike stated.

No wonder, then, that the ads tell us through the words of the critics that several greatest pictures of the year appear every month. In January, being ten-best-list time, we learn of at least fifty ten-best films of the preceding year. In film reviewing, choruses of praise generally outswell choruses of condemnation. In fact, movie publicists will cannily not invite certain critics to advance screenings of pictures. I once wandered into a screening of one of the most garish, tasteless movies ever made. I was asked by a lady at the door what publication I represented. When I told her, she screamed: "The *Saturday Review*! *You're* not supposed to see this."

Magazines such as this one, *Time*, and the *New Republic*, follow a practice of selective reviewing. They make no effort to see every movie, but pick those which look most promising, or which are likely to be of most interest to their readers. Dwight MacDonald, for example, garrulously discusses only a few each month in *Esquire*. An exponent of what might be called "crucifying journalism," he not only mows movies down, but goes after the critics, too. A declaration of an open hunting season on reviewers might be a good idea, and I have been tempted myself to poke away at certain weak spots in Mr. MacDonald's critical armor. Politely, however, I await the first spear from him.

But Mr. MacDonald is a man of keen intelligence, something I am not sure is true of the entire fraternity. Prejudices, misinformation, and misunderstanding abound in reviews. More than one critic reviewed the French film "The Lovers" as though he had caught the actors making love right in his own living room. An Ohio movie reviewer was instrumental, through his review and subsequent testimony in a court trial, in having a theatre owner jailed for showing the film.

Meanwhile, a generation of young people has come of age, and regards the movies as a challenging form of expression. Several universities have instituted film courses. Art cinemas have sprouted in major cities, suburbs, and university towns. Knowledge of films, and informed acquaintance with good films of past and present, is growing. The movie critic can no longer get by with a slapdash attack on one movie, a panegyric of enthusiasm for another. Nor is the formerly popular satiric approach welcome these days. The late Wolcott Gibbs turned to movie reviewing for a time, then wrote an essay explaining why he could no longer continue without serious risk to his sensibilities. If Mr. Gibbs were alive to write that essay today, he would arouse little sympathy.

For there is higher interest in films than perhaps ever before. The enthusiasm is international, as film festivals everywhere attest. A French New Wave was possible because of new audiences. Just as books of originality need their critical evaluators, so do certain new movies. There is no use denying that most of the important movies today are coming from abroad, and it seems that the artistic film-making centers are far from the United States at present. This situation, a fluid one, may change at any time; if and when it does, it would be helpful to have well-equipped critics to deal with it.

FOR we find even in the present state of film criticism that the critics are of value in educating the public to understanding, appreciation, and acceptance of better films and higher standards of film-making. They are attention callers, and the long run of "Last Year at Marienbad," a most difficult film, attests to their effectiveness. Yet Ingmar Bergman languished here until he at last attracted the notices he deserved, and Antonioni's "L'Avventura" barely recouped its costs after intelligent word-of-mouth and heated discussion overcame mixed and confused reviews.

The film form is still fraught with potential, as several new movies each year make clear. It is a powerful means of expressing ideas, and it is a nearly universal medium of communication. Each time the film-maker has the courage and intuition to open a new door, he finds, as in a Hitchcock movie, that it leads to another door. The critic, his mind open, should be there to greet him.

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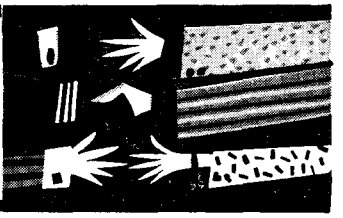
Public Relations



Fresh Air and Circulation

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

NEWSPAPER publishers, as a whole, have done little in the way of establishing organized public relations programs for their publications. Many feel that newspapers in themselves, by presenting news, opinions, and features, are doing all that is necessary. Others stress circulation promotion and call it a day. But public service campaigns are something else again. Hardly an issue of any newspaper is published without some worthy cause being given a helping hand, either in news presentation or in editorial-page support. In addition, dailies throughout the country have set up special funds—a children's or Christmas fund or one for which appeals are made to support a favorite charity of the newspaper. And, of course, all these public service efforts have their public relations values for the newspapers.

Many of the funds are large-scale enterprises. The *New York Times* Neediest Cases campaign, for example, raises more than $500,000 annually. It divides this sum among eight of the most prominent established charities of all religions in New York City. All administrative costs are paid by the newspaper.

The Los Angeles *Times*, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and scores of others also make large-scale annual appeals to their readers for funds for some charity or cause, usually connected with children. The newspapers run lists of contributors, investigate the organizations to which the money raised is distributed, make contributions of their own to the causes they espouse, and provide the news space to make their appeals effective.

The most unusual fund of all is the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. Despite its name, it is an independently incorporated and financed philanthropic agency, which operates a full-time service program and solicits funds from several sources—utilizing, for instance, direct-mail appeals and personal solicitation of corporate funds—not from the New York *Herald Tribune* readers alone. The newspaper's connection with the Fresh Air Fund came about, as many good public relations ideas have, without any thought of public relations advantages to the newspaper. In fact, it antedated, by decades, the use of the term "public relations."

In 1882, Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, took over with four of his friends an existing campaign to raise money to send New York City's poorest children out of the hot and steaming metropolis for a rural vacation. Six years later, the Tribune Fresh Air Fund Society, as it was then called, obtained a charter as a charitable corporation under New York State laws. In 1947, it became the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, a quarter of a century after the newspaper had become the *Herald Tribune*. From the very beginning, it provided free vacations for New York City children. The theory behind the "free vacations" is that only those children are sent to the country whose families are so poor they cannot afford even a partial payment of the costs of sending a boy or girl away.

The Fresh Air Fund is, of course, a major operation. Its annual operating budget is more than $600,000, and in the past ten years it has raised more than $2,500,000 for capital development of its camps. It carries on two different programs. One is camping, which involves ownership of seven summer camps, serving children from eight to sixteen years of age. Include[d] are boys camps, girls camps, and a c[amp] educational camp which takes care of physically handicapped and able-bodied children on a fifty-fifty basis. Some 3,000 children are served annually in the camp program. The other program is the Friendly Town program which started the Fresh Air Fund. Children are placed in private homes on a no-charge-to-the-Fund basis in twelve Northeastern states. Between 9,000 and 10,000 boys and girls from five to twelve years of age are sent to the Friendly Towns each summer. In all, more than 900,000 children have been served by the Fund since its inception.

The experience of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund in raising funds through appeals in the *Herald Tribune* itself is interesting. Most of the money contributed is in small sums. The contributions in 1961 broke down this way: 23.59 per cent of the contributors gave up to $5; 25.41 per cent gave from $5 to $10; 29.29 per cent gave from $10 to $25; 14.18 per cent gave from $25 to $50; 3.63 per cent gave from $50 to $100; 2.66 per cent gave from $100 to $200; 1.25 per cent gave sums above $200. Yet 37.56 per cent of the contributions came from that last 1.25 per cent of the contributors. Most certainly a newspaper fund-raising enterprise, at least in the case of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, is one of small sums.

At present the contribution to the Fund by the New York *Herald Tribune*, in addition to the news and editorial space given, which is considerable, is free office space for the Fund and the help of those staffers of the newspaper personally interested in the Fund's work.

Despite the fact that the *Herald Tribune* did not start its campaign for vacations to rural areas for New York City's poorest children as part of a public relations program, it has been one of that newspaper's most valuable efforts in the public relations field, and the new ownership of the newspaper will probably intensify its work for the Fresh Air Fund. This ownership is acutely conscious of the value of a first-rate public relations program to the growth of the newspaper in the highly competitive morning field in New York. In fact, as the competition newspapers face from other media intensifies, more newspapers will establish organized public relations programs and departments. In the meantime, the special funds do their part both to help the needy and to raise the circulation.

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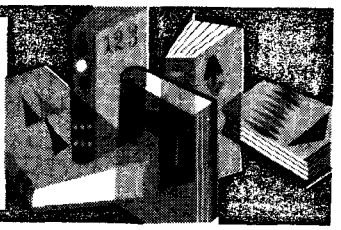
Books in Communications



Hiss, Chambers—and Andrews

TO THE already voluminous documentation of *l'affaire Hiss*, there is now added a posthumous account by Bert Andrews, chief of the Washington bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who broke the story of Whittaker Chambers's accusation and then, as the historic case developed, became almost a participant through his close association with Chambers, Representative Richard M. Nixon, and other principals. Shortly before he died in 1953, Andrews had nearly completed his own story of what happened. His son Peter, with skill and modesty, has finished the job in **"A Tragedy of History,"** subtitled "A Journalist's Confidential Role in The Hiss-Chambers Case" (Robert B. Luce, $4.75). It bears the by-lines of both father and son.

"It is easy to get caught up in the fascination of the Hiss-Chambers case," Andrews remarks, and proves it by making an utterly absorbing narrative from material which, for the most part, is familiar. What sets the Andrews story apart is the "inside" feeling it conveys, and to the professional reader, the picture it gives of a first-class reporter at work on the biggest story of his life. Peter Andrews, now in the Washington bureau of the Hearst newspapers, has pulled together and annotated the original manuscript with his father's essential fairness and respect for facts, although partisans on either side will be no more satisfied with this volume than they have been with the others.

For all its many virtues and fascinations, the book sheds little light on the essential enigma of the Hiss case, through no fault of its own. Andrews says frankly that there are some elements in the case "that simply do not make sense no matter how they are approached." He cites several, but the heart of the matter is in these two simple sentences: "It is easy to say that Alger Hiss is guilty. It is not so easy to say exactly what he is guilty of." This and the riddle of motivation for the treasonous acts Hiss was accused of by implication, beyond the charge of perjury—these are the questions to which, apparently, we will never get a final answer. Andrews has given us a valuable record, for which we are indebted to his son, but the old doubts and questions remain.

A posthumous document of a totally different kind is **"The World of Carmel Snow,"** by Carmel Snow, with Mary Louise Aswell (McGraw-Hill, $6.95). Before she died suddenly in her sleep last year, Mrs. Snow had completed putting her memoirs down on tape with the help of Mrs. Aswell, her fiction editor at *Harper's Bazaar* for eleven years. The result is this handsomely designed book, replete with photographs and sketches, which is at once the best look anyone has given us into the realm of the high-fashion magazine and a curiously touching memoir of a woman whose charm and courage, wrapped up in a sometimes prickly personality, made her a rare and always interesting human being.

Mrs. Snow's story of her career on *Harper's Bazaar* is proof once more that great magazines are made by the driving force of a single great personality in the editor's chair. No committee could ever have done it. Her autobiography has the double appeal of portraying life in the frenetic world of high fashion, and will particularly interest women, but it can be read with profit by any student of the magazine business. Celebrity gossip is here, along with shop talk, and binding it all together is the sense of excitement and vitality that Mrs. Snow brought to her own life as well as to the highly stylized magazine she edited with such distinction.

Two better-known personalities, John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon, are the subject of a scholarly backward look by thirty communications experts in **"The Great Debates: Background—Perspective—Effects,"** edited by Sidney Kraus, with an introduction by Harold D. Lasswell (Indiana University Press, $7.95). The debates, of course, were the television encounters between the two candidates, reproduced verbatim here, along with action photos, production floor plans, tables, graphs, and charts. They are explored in massive detail by researchers from the universities, by officials of the networks, and by political analysts. These studies are of interest and importance to other scholars, a splendid contribution to the literature of communications, but obviously not for the general reader. It may be worth noting that reading the debates themselves, two years later, without the election drama and the pitiless revelation of the two personalities by the television cameras, is to be uncomfortably aware of how platitudes and sheer malarkey can pass for cerebration in a political campaign.

Perhaps all political candidates, and in fact almost anyone in public life, should be required to read **"How to Be Brief,"** by Rudolf Flesch, which he subtitles "An Index to Simple Writing" (Harper & Row, $2.95). Dr. Flesch's message has an admirable brevity of its own. Be brief, he says. Be clear. Don't be pompous. His "index" is alphabetical, and can be used for both reference and browsing. Some may need this volume more than others, but anyone who writes can use it with profit.

—JOHN TEBBEL.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 50

clusion, which does not derive from my article at all and betrays a complete failure to understand the function of a trademark in our society. You wrote, "Maybe it is somehow right and just that when something new and useful has been created by the free capitalistic economy it should eventually become the common property of the common people through a common noun." But do you think it would be fair, to choose a homely example, for another publisher to swipe your magazine's trademark and call his competing weekly *Saturday Review*? Or, to quote you again, would it be "part of the democratic way of things" for a competitor of General Motors to put out a "Cadillac" automobile on the excuse that the GM car bearing that name "is superb and its acceptance total"?

A trademark, you see, does not monopolize a product. On the contrary, it merely identifies a specific brand with one particular manufacturer as its source. The use of a trademark makes it possible for the consumer to pick and choose; he can either buy or avoid that particular manufacturer's product, depending upon whether or not it proved satisfactory in the past. The shelves in the supermarket and the advertising pages of this magazine are among the many places that would become depressingly dull if all trademarks were turned into common nouns; shoppers would lose their means of distinguishing one brand from another, and the "free capitalistic economy" of which you wrote would be deprived of a major incentive.

SIDNEY A. DIAMOND.

New York, N.Y.

"KNOCKING EGGHEADS"

MR. PETER BART'S EDITORIAL, "Knocking Eggheads" [*SR*, Sept. 8], pays me the compliment of quoting from my speech on the subject of "Specialized Ignorance." Mr. Bart states, "all this emotional criticism [of egghead antiadvertising bias] may come as a surprise to most intellectuals."

Mr. Bart is probably right. The college professors who have made a hobby of sneering at advertising probably do not realize the damage they are doing. They are pretty fuzzy-minded (but vocal) about the whole thing.

But college professors *are* damaging advertising by instilling an "antiadvertising prejudice" in students. Mr. Bart asks, "but can he prove it?" I can.

As president of Alpha Delta Sigma, the fraternity of advertising, I visited many campuses. The professors who teach advertising, marketing, and other business subjects should be in the position of knowing what is happening in their own schools. They said that the history, English, math, and particularly the economics profs constantly downgrade advertising. The students told me the same thing.

If Mr. Bart had bothered to read my speech a little more carefully, he would have known it contained verbatim quotes from several college-professor-authored books. Each violently attacks advertising. In fact, some sixty-five of these antiadvertising books are currently in use as textbooks.

I will not bother commenting on Mr. Bart's other views, which are practically identical with those of the "eggheads" he is defending.

WALTER GUILD, President,
Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli, Inc.

San Francisco, Calif.

EVEN AN UNSOPHISTICATED HOUSEWIFE like myself knows Mr. Kleen for what he is and that it's *my* elbow grease that cleans my whole house and everything that's in it. For years I stood at the kitchen sink with indescribable Joy to lighten my load three times a day, 365 days a year, so when they sent me that bottle of Thrill, I became pretty nauseated. Another thing, you hear the word Soft* a hundred times a week and you're ready to settle for a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. All this I did not learn from an orthodox educator unless someone has put advertising in professorial robes. There have been innumerable times when I was taught by advertising to turn against a good product because teacher insisted on presenting it in a fantastic way.

Honestly, sometimes I believe the Walter Guilds of advertising simply raise questions so as to establish sounding boards. Housewives, the real buyers, fall for it every time!

RUTH MARTINSON.

(*also gentle & soothing)

Princeton, Minn.

THE ARTICLE IN THE MADISON AVENUE column leads me to the following observation.

The idea that the eggheads are now being accused of "antiadvertising" and are out to destroy advertising is a typical fathead's response of the professional huckster to his own ignorant mistake of overadvertising and of misjudging the growing ability of people to equate advertising with baloney. People are coming to realize more and more that no matter how thin you slice it, it is still baloney. It is not that people do not want to "buy," but that they dislike being "sold." This has nothing to do with whether you are a conservative or a liberal. It does have to do with intelligence, and you can't insult intelligence all the time because that is not good advertising. How silly can we get?

WALTER L. STONE.

Frankfort, Mich.

A PARALLEL PROBLEM

JOURNALISM IS NOT ALONE in the communications field in having to answer the question, "Where Are the New Recruits?" [*SR*, Sept. 8].

Graphic arts, which spreads across the printing, publishing, packaging, and advertising industries, has also faced this question. Indeed, today there are excellent undergraduate scholarships for which qualified applicants have not been available.

At Carnegie Tech, where graphic arts education at the university level began, we have made the most comprehensive revision in fifty years of our curriculum for the education of graphic-arts executives "to meet the demands of a new era," as your article puts it. Likewise we have recast and broadened considerably the program for graphic designers.

About $200,000 has gone into new engineering laboratories, design studios, and other facilities. Science-oriented faculty have been added.

These steps will, we believe, lead to successful competition by the graphic arts with the more glamorous fields for first-rate college freshmen.

KENNETH G. SCHEID,
Head, Department of Graphic Arts,
Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOUR ARTICLE "Where Are the New Recruits?" [*SR*, Sept. 8] rang bells in my heart. I rejoice that a man of John Tebbel's stature, writing in a journal with the prestige and influence of *Saturday Review*, has come forward to state the case—firmly, clearly, and with wonderful simplicity—for the right kind of journalism education.

What could be more self-evident than the importance of high-caliber journalists? And does it not follow that it is mainly to the universities that we must look for them?

The education and professional preparation of the men and women who will staff the journalistic media of the immediate future is too important a task to be left to chance. The best universities have more than an opportunity to provide this kind of education; they have an urgent duty to do so.

I believe this deeply and that is why I was delighted to see him take a cut at some of our most distinguished universities. By all that makes sense, it is in them that the best journalism schools should be found. They do not consider business schools, or education schools, beneath their dignity but they disdain to lift a finger, academically, to elevate the standards and uphold the integrity of the very institution upon which their own strength rests—a free press.

CHARLES T. DUNCAN, Dean,
University of Colorado,
School of Journalism.

Boulder, Col.

WRONG HEAD HUNTERS?

MR. L. L. L. GOLDEN'S ARTICLE "Head Hunters on the Wrong Track" [*SR*, Sept. 8] expounds for three columns on the ineptitude of "head hunters," based on an episode which has all the earmarks of an apocryphal story. Only an incompetent sycophant would agree to the "profile" which Mr. Golden would have us believe to be the result of the collaboration between a medium-sized corporation and a "consulting (?) firm."

Frankly, this sounds more like the sort of story which might have originated over a third martini in some Madison Avenue bar. Perhaps, with the institution of marriage brokers having fallen into disrepute, some ingenious company president might

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have figured this as a way of snaring a prospective husband for his rapidly aging maiden daughter. Or could it be some dance studio or physical culture emporium looking for a combination instructor-bouncer?

I am convinced that if Mr. Golden had taken the trouble to contact any reputable management consulting firm which has had experience in the executive search field (front parlor language for "head hunters"), he would have quickly found that they shared his scorn and derision at the naivete displayed by the perpetrators of this description of a public relations director. He would also have found that competent consultants would do just what he suggests, namely obtain the judgment of successful practitioners in the field.

Mr. Golden is correct in saying that corporations frequently do not know what they should be looking for in filling a high-level position. Their own recognition of this fact has certainly been the main reason for the growth of consulting activities related to filling important management positions. Perhaps the real conclusion to be drawn from the incident Mr. Golden cited is that corporations should be more careful in their selection of "head hunters."

CURT L. SONNEBORN,
Curt L. Sonneborn & Associates, Inc.,
Consultants to Management.
Chicago, Ill.

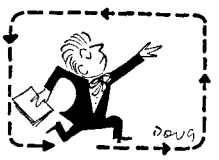
EFFECTIVE PR MAN

MANY CONGRATS TO L. L. L. GOLDEN for properly de-Ivy Leagueing the public relations man. As one sufficiently disabled by cerebral palsy to be tagged "different" by the head hunters, I am happy to report that not all employers are blind to what really constitutes an effective PR man.

It may seem not too surprising at first that the United Cerebral Palsy Association of Westchester County, N.Y., should hire a CP as public relations director. Anyone with knowledge of the competitive aspects of health agencies, however, realizes that these organizations are every bit as concerned about the sort of image they create as are the consumer-conscious industries. In my case, I proved that being restricted to a wheelchair, having a pronounced speech defect, and being compelled by the severity of my handicap to do all my typing with my toes did not destroy my value as a PR man. I proved it by first serving in a volunteer capacity for some time before turning pro.

My only purpose in telling this story is to illustrate clearly that our world is not completely in the hands of the head hunters, and that America is not so gray flannel that we who are different must wilt in the shadow of the glamour boy.

GIL S. JOEL,
Public Relations Director,
United Cerebral Palsy Ass'n. of Westchester County.
White Plains, N. Y.



'I LOVE MY WIFE, BUT, OH YOU KID . . !'

Commonwealth and Euromart

"TEMPERATE agricultural products": the phrase looks harmless enough, but it is political dynamite that could blast the hope of any economic or political unity of Britain and Europe.

These products are those of New Zealand, Australia and Canada, and they consist mainly of wheat and other cereals, meat and dairy products.

Most of these now enter Britain either with preferential tariffs or no tariffs at all. If Britain becomes a member of the European Economic Community (Common Market), she would have to impose the same tariffs on these products as are imposed by the present six EEC members. This would mean that the three Commonwealth countries could not effectively compete with the same products from Common Market nations.

It was the deadlock over this issue that brought about last Sunday's breaking off of negotiations for Britain's entry into the EEC.

For nine months representatives of Britain and the Six had discussed in Brussels the manifold problems presented by Britain's application for Common Market membership. The negotiations went well until they arrived at the central problem: "temperate agricultural products."

Britain has had to backtrack steadily from its original demands that, as a condition for her entry into the EEC, assurances had to be given to the Commonwealth nations that the competitive market for their agricultural exports would not be appreciably altered by Britain becoming a Common Market member.

This is a matter of overriding economic importance for the Commonwealth nations. New Zealand, for example, relies on exports of dairy products to Britain for 70 pct. of its foreign trade and 90 pct. of its foreign currency exchange.

THE political implications of the whole matter are of exceeding importance, both in British domestic politics and in the larger realm of the Atlantic Community.

Precisely because it is so important and because an acceptable compromise between Britain and the EEC is so difficult of attainment, we can count on many more months—perhaps years—of negotiations.

But at this moment there seems to be little Macmillan can do about it, except to hold out for the best possible terms for Common Market membership and to try to convince the Commonwealth nations that, in the long run, Britain's membership in the Common Market will be profitable for all the members of the British family of nations.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1489

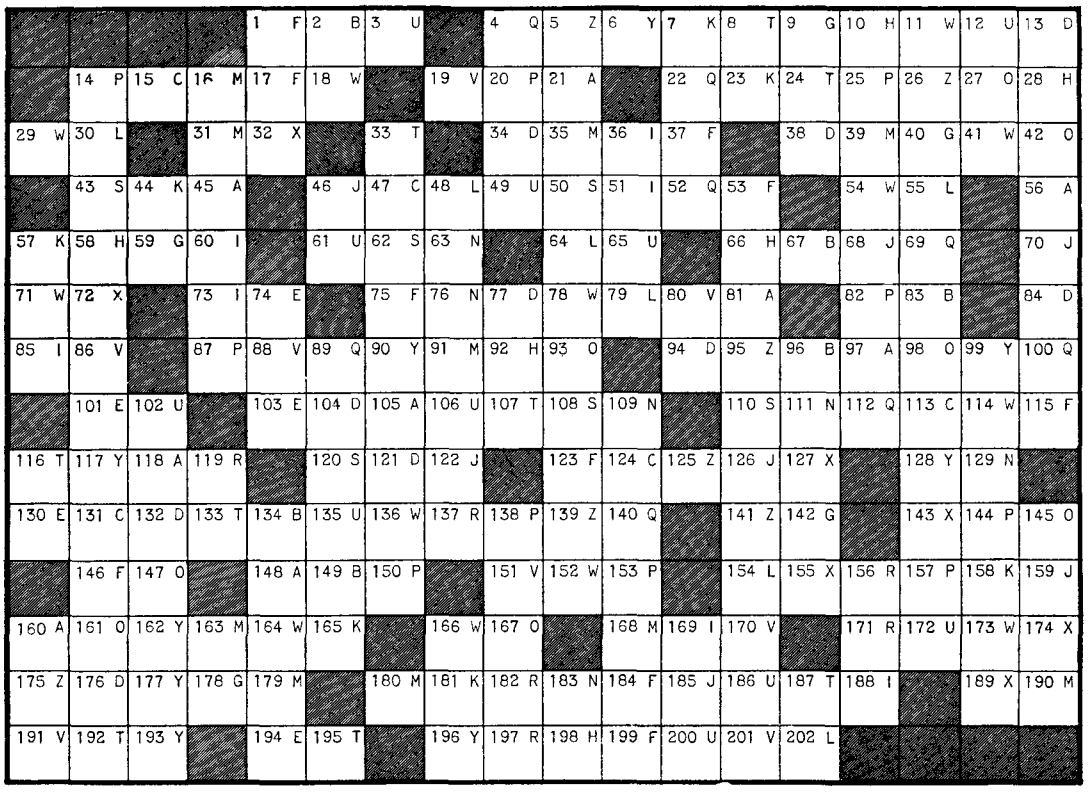
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Aristotle's "whale with a mustache", the right whale of the Arctic.	81 56 21 97 160 118 105 148 45
B. Exclamation enjoining silence; or, in the deep South, indirectly expressing disagreement (2 wds.).	83 149 2 134 96 67
C. Public performance presenting the chief features of a roundup.	47 124 15 113 131
D. Happening as an undesigned feature of something else.	94 13 132 176 34 104 77 84 121 38
E. Truly (archaic).	103 74 101 130 194
F. Situated in the west, and hence, by implication: of gems, inferior in beauty, brilliance, etc. (rare in this sense).	146 75 184 199 37 53 123 1 17 115
G. Temporarily brilliant stars.	59 9 40 178 142
H. Term in civil law for building materials.	66 28 92 10 58 198
I. Disdainfully or contemptuously proud.	85 36 51 60 169 73 188
J. Spanish for a motto or device.	126 159 46 185 70 122 68
K. Packed, as staves, in a bundle or set of parts of some object to be put together.	165 44 158 57 7 181 23
L. Imply forgiveness of an offense by acting as if it had not been committed.	154 79 30 202 64 55 48
M. Specifying a form of speed walking (comp.).	190 35 39 179 91 163 180 168 31 16
N. Triangle having three acute angles.	76 111 129 109 183 63
O. What the stumbler is said to have two of (2 wds.).	42 93 167 27 147 145 98 161
P. A nonessential, with a specific significance in music.	87 25 157 14 153 150 144 82 20 138
Q. Refused to acknowledge; declined to accept.	52 89 4 140 112 69 22 100
R. Menace; hang suspended.	137 182 171 119 156 197
S. Freshest; most modern.	108 62 120 110 50 43
T. Comply tacitly or passively.	33 192 133 24 107 116 8 187 195
U. Together with the words "the world," and "democracy," a famous World War I slogan (3 wds).	61 186 106 135 49 12 102 3 65 172 200
V. Abidingly sage and judgmatical (comp.).	86 88 201 80 19 191 151 170
W. The love of money, acc'g to St. Paul in writing to Timothy (4 wds.).	71 29 166 164 54 78 152 114 173 41 136 11 18
X. Where the Piggy-wig stood ("The Owl and the Pussy-cat; 3 wds.).	174 32 72 189 155 143 127
Y. Open motor coach with several rows of seats facing forward.	177 193 99 90 196 128 162 117 6
Z. Southern city; genus of a small, transparent heteropod.	26 175 139 5 95 125 141

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 55¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 47¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 49¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 51¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 53¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

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(Continued on page 66)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 65)

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45 St., New York 36, N. Y.; editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45 St., New York 36, N. Y.; managing editor, Richard L. Tobin, 25 West 45 St., New York 36, N. Y.; business manager, Nathan Cohn, 25 West 45 St., New York 36, N.Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review, Inc., 25 West 45 St., New York 36, N. Y.; McCall Corporation, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Investors Variable Payment Fund, Inc., 8th and Marquette, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Fidelity Capital Fund, Inc., 35 Congress Street, Boston, Massachusetts; J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Norman Cousins, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Affiliated Fund, Inc., 63 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Hunt Foods and Industries, Inc., 3440 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California.

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J. R. Cominsky, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1962.

(Seal) Nathan Cohn, Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30, 1964)

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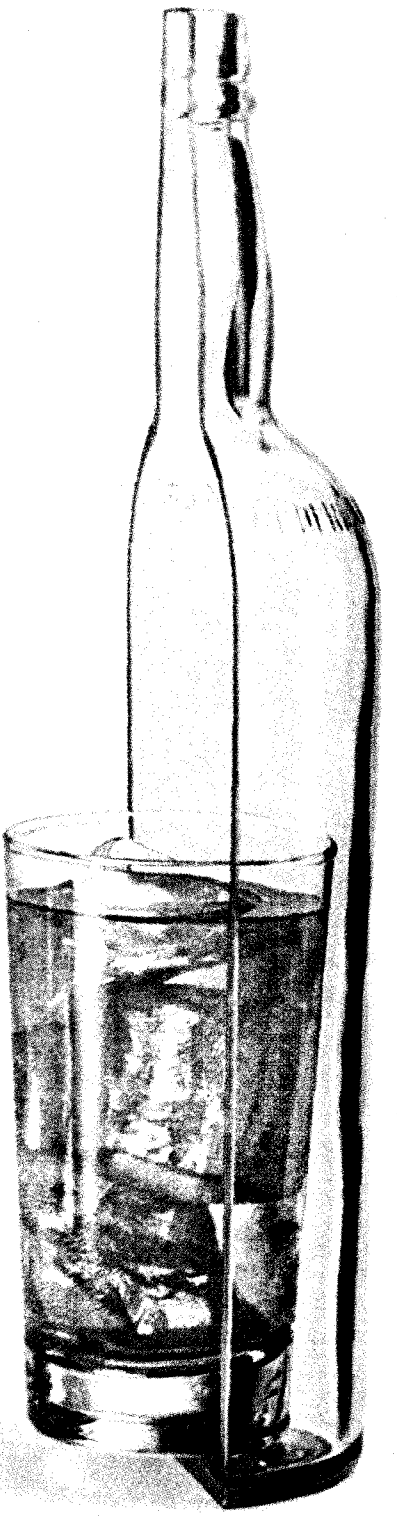

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